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"OF this I am certain, that in a democracy, the majority of the citizens is capable of exercising the most cruel oppressions upon the minority, whenever strong divisions prevail in that kind of polity, as they often must; and that oppression of the minority will extend to far greater numbers, and will be carried on with much greater fury, than can almost ever be apprehended from the dominion of a single sceptre."—BURKE.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The advance to Jericho, which was announced as in our hands at the end of last week, was performed with admirable precision and gallantry. The country is most difficult, full of steep hills and narrow valleys, which afford excellent means of defence, but the London Infantry engaged scattered the Turkish resistance in spite of carefully prepared positions. Wadi Farar, a hillside 500 feet high, with most severe gradients, where the enemy had dug themselves in, was scaled and taken with little loss. The height of Jebel Ektrif, which has a southern face as precipitous as Gibraltar, was held stubbornly by the enemy with concealed machine-guns, but was won after two hours' fighting. Australian and New Zealand mounted troops were equally indefatigable and faced gunfire in a defile where only two men could pass together. As soon as they reached the lower slopes, they put the enemy to flight beyond the Jordan. The immediate result of the operations was the burning by the Turks of their own stores on the banks of the Dead Sea. We are now extending our forces over the lake and river.

On the Western Front the armies are still facing each other, waiting for the great offensive. It is interesting to note that on February 23rd, near the Chemin des Dames, 26 Americans took part as volunteers in a raid by the French, which only lasted half-an-hour and produced 25 prisoners. This is the first offensive movement in which our American Allies have taken part. The operations which attract most attention are those of our airmen, who continue their resolute and successful activity when the weather permits. On Monday, after a stormy day, our bombing squadrons dropped at night over 1,200 bombs, attacking specially the aerodromes south of Ghent and west of Tournai used by the enemy's night-flying machines. The marked success of our men is illustrated by statistics issued this week by the Air Ministry. In three

weeks 120 German machines have been brought down, our own losses being 28.

In the old-fashioned, leisurely wars, "General February" was always considered an important enemy, and the present month's weather has had a disagreeable effect. The blizzard in the United States has retarded the shipments of raw materials to such an extent that for the next three or four weeks some munition factories will have nothing to do. As a large number of hands will thus be reduced to idleness, Sir Auckland Geddes proposes to draft as many as possible into the Army. Owing to the defection of Russia, the Entente Powers will have to do all they know to maintain an equilibrium of strength on the Western Front, to which the Germans are transporting a large number of troops hitherto employed in the East. It looks as if the war in 1918 will develop into a state of waiting for the Americans, not a very cheerful prospect.

The public will learn with surprise that such delicacies as sweetbread, kidneys, tongue, calves-head, and pigs'-feet are included under the unappetising description of "offal." A rose, we know, would smell as sweet by any name; and the epicure, or even the glutton, will be glad to know that for a week, at all events, he can be served with the above-mentioned "offal" without a meat-card, which he necessarily leaves at home. Lord Rhondda made a defence of his policy of fixing prices, which was animated rather than convincing. The fact remains that there is a great deal of meat and chicken in the shops, which is rotting, because people are not allowed to buy it. In his democratic desire to reduce Belgravia and Bermondsey to the same rations Lord Rhondda is causing food to be thrown away. This may be politics: it is not economy.

A small body of men, representing nobody, appointed by nobody, belonging to the Government of no country, but calling themselves the "Inter-Allied Labour and Socialist Conference," have published a portentously long document which is hailed by most of the newspapers (including the *Times*) with the respect usually accorded to European manifestoes. This Memorandum proceeds to carve up Europe, Asia, and Africa upon the principles of Internationalism, whilst German troops are still in occupation of Belgium, a third of France, Serbia, and Roumania, and are, as we write, arrived at Reval, having annexed the Baltic provinces and made peace with the Ukraine. The presumption of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street seems to us modesty as compared with this Memorandum of the "Inter-Allied Labour and Socialist Conference."

These egregious nobodies are good enough to say that they do not mean to dismember the Austrian Empire or to bar its access to the sea, which is really very kind on their part. On the other hand, no part of Asiatic Turkey must be allowed to remain under the barbarous tyranny of the Turk, but together with the Dardanelles must be placed under the control of the League of Nations. As a preliminary, we suggest that it may be necessary to get the Turks out of Constantinople and their Asiatic dominions, a fact which has by no means been accomplished, although Jericho has fallen to our arms. The reasoning with regard to Alsace-Lorraine and the Colonies is curious, and well worth attention. The Germans took Alsace-Lorraine

from France in 1870 by conquest, a fact embodied in the Treaty of Frankfurt. By going to war in 1914 the Germans have somehow broken this treaty, and therefore as a matter of right must deliver up Alsace-Lorraine to the determination of a plebiscite. Do we not see Germany doing it?

The British Navy and British Colonial troops have taken German Colonies by conquest. Here, however, different considerations come in. No colonies, particularly tropical ones, must in future be exploited by capitalists and imperialists: they must be governed by international officers in the interests of the natives. How are tropical colonies to be developed, or exploited if you choose, except by capital; and how are you to get capitalists to risk their money unless you allow them to make large profits? The splendid history of British colonisation is the story of exploitation by imperialists and capitalists. Consider the absurdity of governing East or West Africa or Mesopotamia by international control! Why, it was found impossible to govern Egypt by the dual control of France and Britain. International control, judging by the numbers of the International Prize Court which Sir Edward Grey proposed to set up at the Hague (fifteen judges appointed by the signatory Powers, say, ten) would mean government by the representatives of some twenty-five Powers, for it is not for "the International" to reject the co-operation of the smaller republics, such as Costa Rica and Haiti. Therefore Asiatic Turkey, and Africa, and Constantinople, and the Pacific islands, are to be governed by twenty-five Powers!

What sort of mouth would Germany make at this farrago of impracticable nonsense, which is greeted by the *Times* as sound and sensible and statesmanlike, etc.? It is generally felt that the Germany which has just conquered Russia and occupies so large a portion of enemy territory in the west, would not discuss this programme at any great length. Therefore Germany must be democratised, to start with, either by propaganda or some other means, not clearly specified by the Internationalists. When Germany has been democratised, like Russia, we agree there is no folly which might not be committed by her people. But how is this democratisation to be effected? Apparently by a "Macdonald Miracle." Certainly not by any other means. We warn our statesmen that self-determination is a very dangerous maxim to adopt before entering the Peace Conference of Europe. Some International might demand that the principle should be applied to Ireland and India. Quite at the end, some inconvenient M. Longuet declared that "they wanted to raise not the white flag, but the red." Just so.

Mr. Balfour is a past-master of the art of critical analysis. He had an easy task, which he performed brilliantly, in exposing the clumsy hypocrisy of Count Hertling's so-called acceptance of President Wilson's four propositions. We do not know why so few people in this country pay attention to the words of von Tiritz, for though no longer in office—presumably he offended the Kaiser—he says what Germany thinks with directness and without cant. Tiritz has always said that Belgium is the centre of political gravity. Mr. Balfour sees this, too, for he talks of Belgium being "the test" of German sincerity. Belgium, according to Count Hertling, must not be a jumping-off ground—for anybody except Germany, and for that purpose it is both suited and designed. But we agree with Mr. Balfour that at present peace-talk is waste of time.

There is something suspicious about the studied politeness of the Northcliffe Press towards the verbiages of the various Labour manifestoes. It looks as if there was some truth in the rumour that the Press Gang is meditating an alliance with the Labour Party to dish the Asquithites, who stick bravely to the old style of the Liberal Party. Such a coalition would suit Messrs. Lloyd George and Churchill well enough; but how would the Conservatives be fitted into this alliance?

It is true that the landlords, farmers, parsons, and publicans have little or no interest in such questions as Syndicalism or State-ownership of industrial concerns. It might suit them to make a bargain with Labour to plunder the shareholders and manufacturers, provided agriculture was let alone. Look to your trench-works and munitions, Messrs. Dudley Docker and Co.!

For over a century the *Times* has been, through all the fluctuations of governments, the steady organ of the upper and middle classes. Must we now congratulate it on joining the party who raise the red flag? The welcome of Printing House Square to the Internationalist manifesto is so encouraging that it would not surprise us to see the 'Drapeau Rouge' floating over its office in Blackfriars. All this time the German troops are sweeping unresisted through Russia, and are now within a few hours of Petrograd. "What is all this hubbub about democracy seeing that our monarchical State system has proved its efficiency?" asks Wildgrube, Junker member of the Reichstag; and this is the answer to the Internationalist demand for the "democratisation" of Germany. Our newspapers may shout "Jericho": the Germans answer, "Petrograd."

The state of lawlessness in Ireland is now so serious that the Government has been forced to take action, and troops have been moved into County Clare. The danger is purely political, for as regards the farming industry things are booming, and business in Belfast was never so brisk, except that there is a serious shortage of flax for the linen factories. It will be a satire upon the Convention if its report is presented to the Cabinet accompanied by a rebellion in the West. It is a grievous scandal that when every soldier is wanted to maintain the Western Front we should be forced to keep a large army in Ireland, just because the Government cannot pluck up courage to punish rebels. What are the Unionist members of the Government about? To the outer world they seem dumb dogs, every one.

So long as the Convention sits behind doors carefully guarded by the Press Gang, there may be some excuse for Lord Curzon and Mr. Bonar Law watching with folded hands the steady growth of Sinn Féinism. But this excuse will disappear with the presentation of the Convention's report, and the Unionist leaders will then have to do something peculiarly disagreeable; they will have to make up their minds. There are, as is well known, two schools of opinion on the Irish question. There are those who consider it of supreme importance to settle the Irish question before the war ends, upon the ground that if Great Britain enters the Peace Conference with the Irish question unsettled they may be asked to submit it to the arbitration of that body—in other words, to apply self-determination to Ireland. Sir Horace Plunkett, we believe, holds this view.

The other school of politicians considers, on the contrary, that the Irish question ought not to be settled whilst the war is going on, for two reasons. Firstly, they say that a distinct pledge was given to Ulstermen when they went out to fight that nothing should be done to prejudice their position in their absence. Secondly, they contend that the minds and bodies of the best men and women are engaged in the prosecution of the war, and that it is unwise and unjust to settle a question, which has vexed England for centuries, in an hour of distraction and perplexity like the present. We heartily agree with this view. Under cover of the smoke and din of this world-war vast and revolutionary changes in our political and social system are being pushed forward. One of them, the franchise, has already been settled with such haste and recklessness as make sober men aghast. Another, the constitution of the Second Chamber, is being smuggled through a secret committee. Let the Irish question, at least, not be settled by panic and hubbub.

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Sir George Cave is naturally one of the most popular men in the House of Commons, and luckily for his reputation the Home Office is outside the war zone. The House of Commons is of course flattered by the fact that Sir George prefers its stormy and exhausting routine to the majestic calm of the Rolls Court. But perhaps Sir George Cave's renunciation of an assured salary and rank is a little exaggerated; for unless we are mistaken he has been promised the reversion of the Speakership, when Mr. Lowther goes to "another place" at the close of this interminable Parliament. In old days, when the Speaker was not allowed to leave the chair on any pretext whatever, the post was a trying one, and killed Sir John Cust. One of his successors, Speaker Cornwall, was allowed to keep a pot of porter at his elbow. But in these days the Speaker can go out when he likes, as there are always a brace of Deputy-Speakers, not to mention the Chairman of Ways and Means. The hardest part of the Speaker's duty must be to keep awake. Speaker Peel used to write a good many letters in the Chair.

In 1891, when the Salisbury Government passed the Free Education Bill abolishing schoolpence, Mr. Bartley prophesied that the natural consequences of the measure would be free meals, free clothes, free *crèches*, free feeding bottles. The House of Commons laughed good-humouredly, as men do at a picture of the impossible. Yet it has come to that already, or very nearly. Mr. Herbert Fisher's Education Bill destroys the last remnant of parental authority, and the last vestige of parental responsibility. It used to be accepted as a principle that parents who brought children into the world were responsible for their nurture and education. But all that is *vieux jeu* now, and we are getting rapidly nearer to the State nurseries of Plato's Republic, whither the children were hurried off as soon as possible after birth.

By section 19 of the Bill the Local Education authorities are empowered to supply or aid the supply of nursery schools for children over two and under five years of age; to attend to the health, nourishment, and physical welfare of the children in such nursery schools, and (of course) pay grants to such schools out of public moneys. Far more indefensible than the expenditure of everybody's money on everybody else's infants is clause 17, by which the local education authorities "may make arrangements" (*Anglicé* spend the rates) "to supply or maintain or aid the supply or maintenance of holiday or school camps, centres and equipment for physical training, playing fields, school baths, school swimming baths, and other facilities for social and physical training in the day or evening," which may mean anything from cinemas to lawn tennis. And these arrangements are to be made for children attending the public elementary schools and for "young persons over the age of eighteen attending educational institutions." We are not surprised that Mr. Fisher's Bill is going to cost a trifle of £40,000,000 a year.

Amongst the innumerable committees which Dr. Addison has appointed to consider and report on things in general the latest is one on "trade organisations and combinations," which it appears are "apt to be antagonistic to the consumer's interest, unless adequate safeguards are taken by the Government to protect him." How comes it that combinations of capitalists are apt to be antagonistic to the consumers, while combinations of workmen to hold up such necessities of life as coal and food in order to extort higher wages are hailed as natural and beneficent? When trade unions combine to blackmail the community we hear nothing about the Government protecting the consumer. On this same committee there is not a single business man conversant with the details of finance and commerce. It is composed of Board of Trade officials, financial theorists, and, of course, Dr. Addison's dry nurse, the inevitable Mr. Sidney Webb.

Some absurd M.P. suggested that Sir Cecil Spring Rice had been murdered because he was in posses-

sion of explosive Boloist secrets, compromising some of the great ones of the earth. Sir Cecil, we now know, died of heart disease, after over-exertion at sky-ing. Spring Rice was not brilliant, but he was a good specimen of the gentlemanly diplomatist of the old school. He could not have relished the first visit to the United States of Lord Reading, still less his appointment as Ambassador Extraordinary. The following story, still current at the Foreign Office, is the only record extant of Spring Rice's power of repartee. "How is it, Spring Rice," asked a brother clerk, "that you always look as if you were going to say a clever thing and never do it?" "For the same reason, I suppose," was the answer, "that you always look as if you were going to say a stupid thing, and always do it."

The first Earl Brassey, who was buried on Wednesday, after living 83 years, was a good specimen of an excellent type of Englishman, now withering under the glare of advancing democracy. Physically massive, with a fine bold face, Lord Brassey spent wisely and fearlessly the wealth inherited from his father, one of the great railway contractors. Some of his fame Lord Brassey owed to the *Sunbeam*, the yacht in which he sailed everywhere, even to Kiel Harbour, under the nose and patronage of the War-Lord; and he earned a reputation for administrative ability as Governor of Victoria. He was also Civil Lord of the Admiralty in one of Gladstone's Governments, but Lord Brassey was built on too generous lines for a politician. Educated at Rugby and Oxford, the late peer was a cultivated, courteous gentleman, with a wide and real knowledge of the commercial interests of the Empire. His old age was the graceful and dignified end of a life passed in the public service, and in making himself and others happy in the way he chose, without thinking of the Press Gang.

Mr. Herbert Samuel is perfectly right in saying that the War Cabinet of six Olympians without portfolios is a failure as a working system, though he does not give the right reason for the breakdown. Here are, presumably, the five or six ablest men in the country without departmental work, meeting every day, who are so overburdened that, admittedly, they do nothing well. The reason of this paradox is that the Government, instead of concentrating its mind on the war and nothing but the war, will persist in pushing, or allowing others to push, vast schemes of social and political change, such as Universal Suffrage, Education, Home Rule for Ireland, National Health, Workmen's Dwellings, and Reconstruction of the Second Chamber, which are work enough for a nation at peace. Being obliged to hand over these questions to Committees, whose recommendations they are forced to accept without inquiry, and being obliged to conduct the war, and to control the whole trade of the country, the Cabinet sinks into muddle and exhaustion.

Ever since the repeal of the Corn Law in 1846 the fiscal legislation of this country has been based on the protection of the consumer. When Disraeli ventured to assert that agriculture was the greatest of national industries and ought to be protected, both for the sake of producer and consumer, he was laughed at, or told that he was talking nonsense which he did not believe. Everybody fell down and worshipped the idol of cheapness, cheap food, cheap raw material, cheap clothes. After half a century of Gladstonian economics, we find ourselves without food, without raw material, and we shall shortly be without clothes. As we write, the butchers shops are closed: we are on daily rations: there is no butter: the "standard suit and standard boots" are shortly to be offered to a disgusted public. It may be said that the present war could not have been foreseen. Why could it not? Because statesmen only believe what they want to believe.

THE PRESS GANG.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S Ministry is not a Government: it is a Press Gang, and Dora is the crimp by which it forces or frightens newspapers into its service. The abortive prosecution of the *Morning Post* and Colonel Repington is an ugly check to the Press Gang. The charge of publishing information useful to the enemy is a serious one, and had it been proved, the proper punishment would have been, not fine, but imprisonment. The moment this charge broke down, as break down it did ludicrously, it became apparent that the only crime with which the *Morning Post* and Colonel Repington stood charged was that of differing from the opinion of the Prime Minister as to the function of strategical command and the disposition of the reserve forces. We agreed with the Prime Minister and the Entente Powers, and differed from Sir William Robertson, the *Morning Post*, and Colonel Repington. But has it really come to this, that an editor and his contributor are to be fined £100 each and costs for differing in opinion from the Prime Minister? That such a difference of opinion is a breach of the Defence of the Realm Act we are aware: but then its terms are so wide that, as Mr. Tindal Atkinson said, comment on the removal of the Guards' Band from London to Windsor would be punishable. Sir John Dickinson, whose gross discourtesy to the editor of the *Morning Post*, with his "You, Gwynne," is happily rare on the Bench, treated us to a little lecture on the liberty or license of the Press. We are afraid that His Worship has not read the Act, or he would be aware that not since the days of Pitt has the Press been subjected to such severe restrictions, which are only tolerable because they are not enforced. It appears that by Orders in Council the Press Gang can go on adding new regulations to the Act, without any notice to the public or sanction of Parliament. This is done under Section 64 of the Act, by which Orders in Council may add at any time any number of new regulations affecting the liberty of the subject and the Press. To such an extent is this taken advantage of by the Press Gang that it is necessary to issue a new edition of the Act every six months. It will hardly be believed that the latest regulation added to Section 27 makes it an offence to comment on the financial policy of the Chancellor of the Exchequer! Here are the words, black-lined to show that it is a new regulation: "No person shall by word of mouth or in writing or in any newspaper, periodical, book, circular or other printed publication—(d) spread reports or make statements intended or likely to undermine public confidence in any bank or currency notes which are legal tender in the United Kingdom or any part thereof or to prejudice the success of any financial measures taken or arrangements made by His Majesty's Government with a view to the prosecution of the war." Take heed, all ye City Editors and financial writers, luminous, voluminous, that if you dare to call attention to the gold reserve or the inflation of the currency by Treasury notes, or to suggest that Mr. Bonar Law is not the wisest and greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer the world has ever seen, you are liable to be haled before Sir John Dickinson, there to be addressed like a criminal in the dock, and finally to be imprisoned, or, if you are lucky, to be fined with costs.

There is indeed one way of evading the long arm of the Press Gang, namely, to join it. A disconsolate poetaster once said to Oscar Wilde, "There is against me a conspiracy of silence. What shall I do?" "Join it, you fool, join it," was the reply. The only way to escape the tyranny of the Press Gang is to join it: and that is not difficult, for it is not exclusive. The platoon of newspapers owned by the noble triumvirate of Northcliffe, Rothermere, and Beaverbrook are in the Press Gang, and they add recruits every day, the latest and most distinguished being, to our astonishment, the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. If you are in the Press Gang you can, of course, write what you like. When Colonel Repington was in the Press Gang he wrote terrible things, that made one's hair stand on end: when he escaped from it he was at once pursued by Dora. Those of us who do not belong to the Press

Gang will do well to remember something of which the *Morning Post* reminded us, very seasonably, with regard to the powers of the Censors of the Press Bureau. The Censors have no executive or administrative powers under the Act. Their function is purely consultative, and their words are merely advisory. When the Censor says, "This must not be published," he merely means that in his opinion the publication would be a breach of Dora. The Censors act (with entire good faith and generally with discretion), as purveyors to the Press Gang, and it is their business to draw the attention of the War Office, the Foreign Office, the Admiralty, the Home Office, the Treasury, to newspaper articles which they think contravene the regulations. If the Department agrees with the Censor, the article is submitted to the Law Officers of the Crown. But sometimes the Censor acts beyond his powers. We have known him, of his own proper motion, delete words from a Press-cable to Canada, because he said they were not true. This the Censor has no right to do: he is not a judge of law or of fact, but merely a watch-dog for the Press Gang. But on the whole the Censors act with fairness, with courtesy, and with an indisputable intention to discharge a difficult and unpleasant duty to the best of their ability. They are not to blame for the institution of the Press Gang. It is the Prime Minister and Mr. Churchill, who believe that the Press can make and unmake Governments, and who have fitted this yoke upon our necks. Lord Randolph Churchill was once attacked by the *Standard*, then the most powerful organ in the Press. He was implored by his more timid friends to make his peace with the editor. We remember the scorn of his reply: "I don't care a twopenny damn for the *Standard* or the whole Press." We wish his son had something of his father's pride.

THE FUTURE OF VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS. II.

IN a recent issue we discussed the question of financial aid from public sources for the voluntary civil hospitals. We gave reasons, which need not be repeated, for our belief that without such aid the voluntary hospital service must break down, and be replaced by State or municipal institutions; and we expressed fears that such a change would affect medical education and research to the detriment of public health. The form which we suggest that the necessary assistance for voluntary hospitals should take is capitation payments in respect of such patients as might, by arrangement, be received into voluntary hospitals, subject to their being people who would, under a system of public hospitals, be entitled to treatment in those establishments. There is, of course, nothing new in the principle of paying public money to bodies over which the authority making the payment has no direct control. It is not the fact of payment that makes control over management necessary or unnecessary, but the class of return which the outlay is expected to yield. When the Government of India guarantees interest to the investors in certain railways it has a general object in view, of which it may be baulked by bad management. It therefore stipulates that a Government director, with certain agreed powers, shall sit on the boards of guaranteed companies. But when a County Council contributes, by way of scholarship, to the expenses of a promising pupil at one of the universities it purchases a specific benefit for whatever it may think it is worth; and if it ceased to think that a university education was worth what it costs it could cease to lay out money in that way. This distinction between two classes of payments already exists in the case of hospitals themselves. Isolation hospitals and Poor Law infirmaries, for example, being provided by public money, are consequently managed entirely by representatives of the public. But Boards of Guardians not infrequently send patients from their infirmaries to voluntary hospitals and pay for them without claiming any sort of right to interference. Pathological examinations, the supply of sera, X-ray services, and the like, also afford instances of work

done in voluntary hospitals and paid for by public authorities. An extension of this system to ordinary patients is all that would be involved in our present proposal. For we are not now attempting to deal with outlying branches of the subject, such as the special hospitals in London and some of the great cities, and paying patients' hospitals. Our point is simply the purchase by local authorities of the services of general hospitals, whether in London or elsewhere, to whatever extent is agreed upon by both sides for their mutual advantage.

It is important that critics who hold out for counsels of perfection—a class who ordinarily do far more harm than the blatant advocates of folly—should bear in mind that the question is not one of setting up a new service, but of keeping alive an old one, which is admittedly doing very well on the whole. That being the object, we are concerned not with improvements but adjustments. The chief of these latter would naturally be connected with the rights of ratepayers in respect of benefits purchased with their money. In the case of admissions to hospitals, the beneficial rights might, indeed, be confined to persons whose incomes and families brought them below a certain standard of prosperity, a knotty subject we cannot here enter upon. And the benefits themselves, like the benefits of public baths or libraries, would necessarily be limited by the available accommodation at any given moment. But although it would be to the interest both of the hospitals and the doctors to make unobjectionable selections, ratepayers would never submit to leaving the decision entirely to outsiders. They would be quite content that the doctors should say whether a case was medically fit for admission. They would have no objection to appeals against the admission of patients who were alleged to be able to pay for themselves. But they would require safeguards against the possibility, however remote, of exclusion on unfair grounds. It seems to us, therefore, that it would be found necessary to earmark an agreed number of beds for the local authority's patients, thus creating, as it were, a hospital within a hospital. Under such an arrangement there would, of course, be nothing to prevent the hospital's letting further beds to the local authority, if that were desired by both parties, at times when patients overflowed from the earmarked beds. To the local authority's beds patients would be sent with orders for admission, subject to some such conditions as those we have foreshadowed. But, except in the books of the hospital office, there would be nothing to distinguish an earmarked bed from the others. The official patients would receive exactly the same treatment as the ordinary patients, and be discharged at the proper time like everyone else. Disputes between the local authority and the hospital would naturally arise from time to time, for grievances are as the breath of life to a noisy minority of almost every locally elected body. But a reasonable provision for reference to one of the many possible forms of arbitration ought to meet any probable difficulty.

The amount of the capitation payments raises the question of the rights and duties of hospital subscribers who find themselves unable to carry on without public assistance in some form. In respect of their rights, it may fairly be asked why subscribers should trouble themselves to run a hospital at all if a large fraction of the beds are to be let to other people, who cannot do without them, and who would have to take over the whole concern if it were abandoned. The answer is that charity knows and distrusts the official; that its natural instinct is to keep official claws off the sick and the infirm; and that these feelings are much strengthened, in many cases, by family tradition and connection with sacrifices and endeavours of the past. The voluntary hospitals have been built, and some of them partly endowed, with money which would otherwise have been inherited or saved by the generation which now carries them on in difficult circumstances. The present trustees are in the position of owners, though they may be constrained to let their houses, or parts of them, furnished. In these cir-

cumstances we think the hospital managers would be expected to provide and keep in repair the buildings, and to pay rates and taxes, as well as the whole cost of office administration. Payments by the local authority should be fixed to cover the ascertained cost of otherwise maintaining their reserved beds, whether occupied or not. Provided the number of beds let by the hospital were based on the amount of any deficit which had to be met by the subscribers, there could be no further question of either surplus or deficit. The case referred to in our last article, where a hospital was nearly £18,000 to the bad on its ordinary income and expenditure in 1916, will serve as well as any other for an illustration. This institution had an average daily number of nearly 312 in-patients during the year, and it dealt with 108,800 out-patient attendances in the same period. Excluding the items which we have said should be paid entirely by the subscribers, the cost of all this work was about £44,300. Of that sum the in-patients accounted roughly for £39,880, and the out-patients for £4,420. To be exact, one in-patient cost £127 8s. od. for one year, and each out-patient attendance cost 9½d., on the average. It is obvious, therefore, that (assuming the local authority's beds were occupied and unoccupied in the same relative proportions as the other beds) 124 beds charged at £127 8s. od. each plus say half the cost of the out-patients, would effectively extinguish a deficit of £18,000. It may be supposed that neither party to the transaction would desire to go beyond the financial necessities of the hospital. The subscribers, for their part, would have shown by the amount of their subscriptions how much control over the admissions they desired to retain. The local authority would know very well that, when all was said and done, it made no real difference to the patients themselves who paid; and that therefore the fewer beds the ratepayers were asked to provide for, the better for all concerned. But even if every bed in a hospital which was really required had to be provided for, a contingency which could scarcely arise, still the local authority would get an efficient hospital service free of rent, rates, taxes, repairs and administration expenses. This, in bare outline, is our contribution towards the solution of a problem which is not likely to remain on the shelf much longer.

THE BELLS.

O MNIS clocha clochabilis in clocherio clochando, clochans clochativo clochare facit clochabiliter chlochantes.

Bell-ringing is an art peculiar to England; we pride ourselves on it, and on our superiority to the mechanical carillons of the Continent; we lament the destruction at the Reformation, when thousands of bells were melted down—an abomination now being repeated by the Germans; we record with pride the feats of aged bell-ringers, who achieve unnumbered changes on their peals; the earliest poem we learnt by heart is often the Inchcape Bell, and, with the mariners, we bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock. But when all is said and done, the bell is a survival. What did it once stand for in an older England? Let's see.

Once upon a time it conferred social distinction. The Saxon who held 500 acres of land might claim the rank of a thane if he had a church with a bell-tower on his estate: hence the distinctive character and relative importance of surviving Saxon bell-towers, such as Sompting. It was to the sound of the Abbey bells that the nun of Whitby beheld the soul of the sainted Hilda flying heavenwards. Of the Saxo-Danish bells of Croyland, an Abbey which derived part of its rents from Yarmouth herring, one was given in 970 by Thurketil, Earl of East Anglia. Their names were Pega, Bega, Tolwin, Bertelin, Guthlac, Bartholomew and Thurketil; the name Thirkettle is still common in Norwich and the Fens. *Non erat*, says Ingulphus of this peal, *tunc tanta consonantia campanarum in tota Anglia*. It was Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, who, on hearing the sound of bells,

would sigh, "What must be the joys of Heaven, when the hand of man calls forth such melody?" Dunstan, himself a metal-worker, gave many bells to the churches of the West, and a mighty deep-toned bell—*sono et mole prestanti*—to the Abbey of Malmesbury. Alcuin speaks of the bells of York, and it was a Saxon thane of the name of Litolf who sold his flocks to buy a bell, and chuckled when he heard it ringing, "Hark, how sweetly my sheep and my goats are bleating," while his wife capped the jest with her gift of a second bell, that the joint harmony might symbolise the happiness of their marriage. In Saxon times, therefore, England was all a-sound with bells, ready to hand when the curfew should ring by Norman law, as it does to this day at Charterhouse, in the City of London. It was the first Norman abbot that, foreshadowing Lord Grimthorpe, gave St. Albans its peal. Bishop Hythe, in the twelfth century, placed four bells in the Tower of Rochester Cathedral, and called them Dunstan, Paulinus, Ithamar and Lanfranc, to perpetuate the memory of his predecessors. Edward III built a strong clochard, or bell-tower, for St. Stephen's Chapel, with three bells therein, whose ringing was said to sour all the drink in the town; around the biggest of them was engraven:

King Edward made me
Thirtie thousand and three.
Take me down and wey me,
And (? no) more shall ye find me.

This recalls the metrical inscription on Great Tom of Christ Church, Oxford:—

In Thomae laude. Resono BIM BOM sine fraude.
"BIM BOM," indeed. Splendid!

But as Great Tom is the most famous bell in England, and his 101, the sound that men who have heard it carry with them to the ends of the earth, let us pass over a few centuries and refer to the tragic incident of March 13, 1806, when, as recorded in a letter written the same day, at about half-past four of the clock he suddenly went mad. "He began striking as fast as he could about twenty times, and everybody went out doubting whether there was an earthquake, or whether the Dean was dead, or the College on fire. However, nothing was the matter, but that Tom was taken ill in his bowels: it was not of any serious consequence, for he has struck six as well as ever, and bids fair to toll 101 to-night as usual."

Osney's famed peal, Haute-claire, Doucement, Austyn, Marie, Gabriel and John, broken and recast, were given new names, Mary and Jesus, Meribus and Lucas, New Bell and Thomas, Conger and Godston; but Thomas was melted into Tom of Christchurch of the BIM BOM aforesaid.

A sadder fate befel the "four very great bells in the clockier adjoining to St. Paul's Church in London." Sir Miles Partridge won them at dice from Henry VIII, making a great profit by melting them down; for this deed, in poetic justice—if not in history, which records only "matters connected with the Duke of Somerset"—he was executed at Tower Hill in 1551.

It is pleasanter to think of that "aged cheerfulness," Mr. Patrick, Senior of the Society of Cumberland Youths. He, in the intervals of making barometers, won the £50 prize offered by the Norwich amateurs of bell-ringing, themselves inspired by ringing in the belfry of St. Peter Mancroft, for composing the "whole peal of Stedman's triples, 5,640 changes," till then deemed impracticable. He was followed to his grave in St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, in 1826, by all the ringing societies in and about London, each sounding handbells with muffled clappers, while the church bells rang a dead peal. Then there is that other worthy, James Ogden, of Ashton-under-Lyne, who in 1827 was borne to the grave by the ringers of St. Michael's, whose tenor bell he had rung for more than fifty years, his old companions ringing a dead peal for him, after the funeral, of 828 changes, the number of the months of his life. Last year a sexton was appointed to a church in the West of England; his family had held the office since the fifteenth century. Five centuries of bell-ringing, what a history is here! When this sexton's

ancestors were appointed bells were christened to a solemn service. A nineteenth-century Bishop of Châlons, born out of his proper setting, christened and thus addressed his peal: "It is you, Marie, who will have the honour to announce the festivals; and you, Anne, you shall be charged with the same employment. You also, Deodate, will take part in this concert. Speak, Deodate, and let us hear your marvellous accents. And you, Stéphanie, crowned with glory, you are not less worthy to mingle your accents with the melody of your sisters. And you, lastly, Séraphine and Pudentienne, you will raise your voices in this touching concert, happy all in having been presented to the benedictions of the Church by noble and generous souls." Originally, the molten metal having been blessed in the furnace, every bell, from the *Campana*, the great bell hung in tower or steeple, to the shrill little *Squilla*, was named five times, washed within and without, sprinkled with salt, anointed with holy oil, again washed, signed with the sign of the cross, named again, wiped afresh, struck thrice with the clapper and named at every stroke, and then hoisted at once, the ceremonies being expounded to the people as good to drive away evil spirits and to keep storms from the town. The Bishop of Châlons finished his address by describing the bells as "placed like sentinels, on the towers, to watch over us and turn away from us the temptations of the enemy of our salvation, as well as storms and tempests." On July 1st, 1809, Mr. Samuel Thurston, in the ancient city of Norwich rang all the Church bell peals upon his hand-bells, the plain bob-triples, bob-majors, bob-majors reversed, double bob-majors, grandsire bob-catons and Bobs-maximus in all their mysteries, "nobly bringing round his performance, his plain bob-triples in two minutes and three-quarters, his grandsire-bob-catons in five minutes and fourteen seconds." This statement sounds all right, though one does not quite know what it means.

Many are the present uses of bells, and they were many more and very curious in the olden times. They tolled to frighten away evil spirits from the passing soul; as bell-buoys they rang to warn the mariner from the fatal rock; they directed the wandering traveller on his path, as they ring at Cambridge and at Childrey, near Wokingham, to our own day; they were put on the cat to warn the mice of her approach; they were rung to exult in their country's victories, as witness that loyal bell at Ashover, in Derbyshire, which "rang the downfall of Buonaparte and broke, April, 1814," as its inscription relates; or to express forbidden political opinions, as in that bell of St. Peter's, Bedford, which, under the very nose of Cromwell himself, proclaimed its royalism in the inscription,

GOD SAAE THE KING 1650.

and that was the year of the Crowning Mercy of Dunbar; or, to record the deeds of a benefactor—

Doctor Nicholas gave five pound

To help cast this bell tunable and sound—

and to echo the fears, the joys and sorrows of the parish. Does not Southey's Doctor, from his seat in Elysium beside Uncle Toby and the Vicar of Wakefield, still listen for the joyful peal which rang upon his wedding day, "Daniel Dove brings Deborah home," and so, over and over, till he and his bride were at their door? Is not Shakespeare's false friend doomed for his cruelty to listen for ever, instead of for the few moments his friend assigned him, to the "surly sullen bell" giving warning to the world of Shakespeare's death? And we dare to hope that John Bunyan has long since learnt that love can justify a multitude of bell-rings.

God grant us peace again, that, walking through the sweet Cathedral Close of summer evenings, we may once more listen to the chimes of Norwich spire as to our mother's voice, thinking of those brave hearts, our playmates long ago in the School Field hard by, who, in the noblest of causes, have surrendered all that it was in their power to give.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

WE are glad to hear there is something like a boom in Chesterfield's letters, which are a mine of worldly wisdom, written by the wittiest man of a witty century. Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was born in 1694 and died in 1774. His brains came from the maternal side, his mother being the daughter of the great Marquess of Halifax (the Trimmer) by his second wife, Gertrude Pierrepont. The 'Advice to a daughter,' was written for the benefit of Lady Margaret Savile, and constantly lay on Lady Chesterfield's table. The obliging Mr. Eliot—whose son elected Gibbon for Liskeard—made Lord Stanhope member for St. Germans in 1715, and the difficulty of a maiden speech caused him no uneasiness. "I spoke in Parliament the first month I was in it, and a month before I was of age," he told Philip some thirty-five years later. In 1728, after the accession of George II., Sir Robert Walpole sent Lord Chesterfield (as he had become on his father's death in 1726) as Ambassador to The Hague. He was there three years, during which he not only concluded a very difficult and important treaty with France, Spain and Holland, but became the father of Philip Stanhope by Madame du Bouchet, a Dutch lady. He returned to London, and in 1733 married Melusina de Schulemberg, the "niece" of the Duchess of Kendal. Probably money, rather than a desire to ally himself with a kingly "by-blow," was the motive of this marriage. Although six years had passed since the death of George I., his will had never been forthcoming, and it now became known that George II. had destroyed it because a considerable sum had been left to the Duchess of Kendal. As Lady Chesterfield was her heiress, Chesterfield threatened a law suit, but was pacified with £20,000. This did not endear him to the King; and, as in the same year he voted and spoke against Walpole's Excise Bill in the House of Lords, he was stopped on the grand staircase of St. James's Palace and told that the surrender of the Lord Steward's white wand was required. In 1745, three years after Walpole's fall, his kinsman, the Duke of Newcastle, got him appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, where his brief reign of fifteen months was marked by many shrewd sayings, by much wise tolerance, and by the appreciation of the quick-witted Celts. He bade the Irish pay more attention to their manufactures than their militia, and be more afraid of poverty than of Papacy. But, unfortunately, the Duke of Newcastle could not get on with Lord Harrington (another Stanhope), as Secretary of State. Accordingly, Lord Harrington was sent to Ireland, and Lord Chesterfield was brought to London to be made Secretary of State. But Lord Chesterfield could no more get on with the Duke of Newcastle than could Lord Harrington; and, after fifteen months of annoyance with an absurd and impossible colleague, he refused to remain in a post where his advice was ignored, and where he was made the instrument of a foreign policy which he disapproved. After resigning the seals in 1748, Lord Chesterfield retired into private life—to his books, to the garden of his Blackheath villa, and to building and filling with pictures that house in South Audley Street which still bears his name. Deafness, gout, and rheumatism began to plague him; but he carried the Act which established our present calendar, and he reconciled the Duke of Newcastle and Pitt in 1757, thus enabling Pitt to carry on the Six Years War. The remainder of his life was, in his own words, that of a vegetable. "Tyrawley and I have been dead these twelve years, but we don't wish it generally known," he wrote to a friend. "Don't let me keep you: I am going to rehearse my funeral," he said to a Frenchman, pointing to his carriage, which was about to take him for his daily drive. Politeness was the ruling passion, strong in death. His last words were not "O my country," or "So much to do, so little done," but "Give Dayrolles a chair."

Three years as Ambassador, fifteen months as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and fifteen months as Secretary of State are a mighty poor record for an orator, a wit, and an earl with a large rent roll, in an age when those advantages counted for

more than they do to-day. The truth is that Chesterfield could not keep his tongue in order, and that unruly member destroyed his career. George II. called him "a little tea-table scoundrel" who made mischief in families, and "a dwarf baboon whom no woman could possibly like." Chesterfield was short in stature, and his face was ugly. But his dress was perfect, and even Johnson acknowledged "the enchantment" of his manners. His "Characters" of George I. and II., of Caroline of Anspach, and of Lady Suffolk were not published till after the author and his subjects were dead. But we may be sure he gave many verbal sketches of his sitters, and a Court is a whispering-gallery. Chesterfield was one of those, "*qui pour un bon mot va perdre vingt amis*." In opposing an Act to regulate theatres he could not help saying, "Wit is a kind of property which its possessors depend on for their living. Thank God, my lords, we have a very different kind of dependence," etc. Orator and statesman as he was, his fame to-day rests on the Letters to his natural son. A French cynic has declared that old men like giving good advice to console themselves for no longer being able to give a bad example. But Chesterfield really loved the fruit of his hasty amour at The Hague, "got while his soul did huddled notions try"; and if the quantity of manure which he expended (to use his own words) did not produce the crop he expected, he was not more disappointed than nine fathers out of ten. In his youth Philip Stanhope seems to have been slovenly and greedy, if Lord Charlemont's anecdote be true. A favourite dish of baked gooseberries and switched cream being about to be removed, Philip had it placed in front of him, and began to lap it up so hastily that his chin was covered with the frothy delicacy. Lord Chesterfield, convulsed with inward rage, said in his iciest tone to a servant, "John, why do you not fetch the strop and razors? You see your master is going to shave himself." But Philip grew up to be a sensible, civil, and well-behaved man, according to Boswell, who met him as Envoy at Dresden, and he died five years before his father—who then took to manuring his godson, the fifth earl, the prosecutor of Dr. Dodd. Chesterfield wrote a great many letters to a great many people, which may be found in Bradshaw's edition (1899). They are, in our judgment, the best letters in the language, for, though not so vivacious and terse as Byron's, and not so playful as Walpole's, they are more informative and philosophical than either. With regard to the Letters to his son, Chesterfield has been tried and sentenced by his particular enemy. For one person who has read the Letters ten have read Boswell; and so whenever the Letters are mentioned, we are told that "they teach the morals of a whore and the manners of a dancing-master." Mr. Charles Strachey, in his Introduction to the Letters (1901)—the best biography of Chesterfield extant—has smashed the Boswell myth of Johnson's ill-treatment by the earl. The celebrated letter, containing the immortal definition of a patron, was a literary trick by which Johnson avenged a fancied slight, and got the sword of the most famous literary duellist of the day. No one grudges Johnson his honours; but let us be just to Chesterfield and read his Letters, instead of talking about them. We shall find in them the closely-packed results of a life of observation from the centre. Chesterfield's originality consists in this, that, being what he was and living when he did, he disbelieved in birth. It never seems to have occurred to him that Philip's bastardy would be any bar to his success. He discerned that the subject-matter of all books, speeches, and conversation was common property, and that it was the manner of writing or speaking that distinguished a man above his fellows. A good manner in public, and good manners in private life, were the secret of success, and these, he believed, could be taught and acquired. Perhaps from his French education, a well-bred man meant, to him, one who was *bien élevé*, not *bien né*: he laughed at pedigrees, and quoted "*vix ea nostra voco*" to his godson. "Good breeding is the natural result of common-sense and common observation. Common-sense points out civility, and observation

teaches you the manner of it—which is good breeding." "Observe carefully what pleases you in others, and probably the same thing in you will please others." For the form of ill-breeding known as absence of mind he had no mercy. "When you are reading Puffendorf, do not think of Madame de St. Germain, nor of Puffendorf when you are talking to Madame de St. Germain." "It is a sure answer of a fool, when you ask him about anything that was said or done when he was present, that 'truly he did not mind it.' And why did the fool not mind it? What else had he to do there but to mind what was doing?" He impressed on Philip the necessity of learning correctly the names or titles of others, and not miscalling or mispronouncing them—which he described as the worst form of ill-breeding. Bad manners, when not due to congenital shyness, are the result of want of observation, which is a defect of intelligence. Our success or failure in the world depends on what we get from others, who will always rather give to one who is agreeable than to one who is disagreeable. What a truism this sounds: and yet how few young people realise its truth!

THE DELINQUENCIES OF "DORA."

BY A VICTIM.

"DORA" (the Defence of the Realm Act) is essentially what people call a "managing" lady; and candour constrains me to admit that, on the whole, she manages well. There are times, however, when she succumbs to the temptations which always beset the holders of unlimited power; and particularly in the requisitioning of private property for War purposes her conduct is marked by a harshness, a partiality, and an inconsistency that distinctly savour of feminine caprice. For certain things adequate, or even lavish, compensation is granted; but householders for some mysterious reason are expected, and if necessary compelled, to surrender their property without any recompense. Being the owner of a commandeered country house I propose to describe briefly experiences which are only too common. With the approach of winter warm billets are needed for our troops, and their officers proceed to requisition all the unoccupied houses in the neighbourhood. No patriotic person objects to this: he only asks that he shall be paid for it, just as others are paid (sometimes grossly overpaid) for their ships, or coal, or produce. Taking over our houses helps to win the War: refusing to indemnify us doesn't—nay, it acts as a hindrance rather than a help, by provoking resentment and discontent. We house-owners complain that we are receiving differential treatment, being compensated on what is termed "a substantial loss basis," which means that we are to be paid only for rates, taxes, and other costs arising solely from the Government's forcible occupation of our houses.

The amount of the landlord's compensation is determined in the following manner. Enter upon the scene "Lieutenant —, the W.D. Valuer." This over-zealous employé of the War Office, whose qualifications for his job seem to be of a somewhat indefinite character, looks at your house and proceeds to fix what is humorously called your "rent" as low as possible. As I have pointed out, no real rent whatever is offered. Lieutenant — is "out" to get something for nothing (or less than nothing) on behalf of his employers from a limited and uninfluential class of ratepayers, and he won't be happy till he gets it. He begins by "crabbing" your house. He enumerates its disadvantages, and pictures it as the sort of place that no sensible person would ever wish to inhabit. In proof of his assertions he points triumphantly to the fact that as yet you have *not* found a tenant for it. The result in my case was that I was invited to sign an agreement granting me a sum which would have left me considerably out of pocket on the whole transaction, and allowed nothing for reasonable wear and tear. The latter, with fifty "Tommies" on the premises, might easily prove a formidable item. In vain I pleaded that I was being deprived of all chance of letting or selling the house as I desired, that this

chance was a very fair one, and was in any case an asset, a thing of marketable value, the loss of which merited compensation; and that the occupation would materially prejudice my prospects of finding a tenant afterwards. That modern Gallio, Lieutenant —, the W.D. Valuer, cared for none of these things.

I appealed to "Dora's" Losses Commission, and obtained some relief at its hands; but most of my fellow-sufferers prefer to save trouble by submitting to the Valuer's arbitrary ruling, and take what they can get. If they complain the authorities say, "Oh, but you are not using the house, and we are simply taking it and keeping it warm for you." I happen to possess, in addition to my house in the country, a gold watch which I am not now using; but if a man came and forcibly took that watch from me, asserting his right to appropriate it gratuitously because I was not making use of it, the State would dismiss his plea, call his action by an ugly name, and lock him up. I maintain that conduct which is deemed dishonourable in an individual is much worse when the offender is the State, which cannot plead indigence as an excuse. The officials say they are bound by the Act. This may be true; but the essential Prussianism, the harshness of an unjust law, may be greatly enhanced by the narrow views or the caprice of the officials who administer it, and that is exactly what happens when "Dora" requisitions our houses.

Wider and much graver issues are involved in this question than the mere losses or hardships inflicted upon individuals, though in some cases these are very real. Injustice by the State, even in small matters, is a very serious thing: the Power that prescribes to us our conduct in life, and punishes our transgressions against the moral law, cannot lightly transgress that law itself. "It is the feeling of injustice that is insupportable to all men," says Carlyle in *Chartism*. "No man can bear it, or ought to bear it. The brutallest black African cannot bear that he should be used unjustly." The State, according to Aristotle, is an association for good life; and modern men expect it to set up a standard of equity and fair dealing. A Government's relations with the general public should serve as an inspiration towards honesty and rectitude, not as a conspicuous incentive to the reverse. "If the Government does these things," people will say, "why should not we do them?" Rousseau described a nation as "un être moral collectif": Renan viewed it as "une âme, un principe spirituel"; and I suggest that men who act in any capacity as the authorized representatives of a collective entity which is also a spiritual principle would be well-advised to eschew methods smacking strongly of ordinary, old-fashioned, material confiscation.

MUSIC: ORCHESTRAL INSTITUTIONS.

FOR those whose musical perspective stretches back far enough, it is curious to note the distinct line of demarcation that separates the aims and methods of our leading London orchestras. In their main direction the lines may run parallel, but in the working there are often strange differences, due chiefly to the course of the varied strata of public taste and demand that underlie each area of support. Hence, in our bygone musical past, the existence of such heterogeneous contemporary institutions as the Philharmonic, the New Philharmonic, the Crystal Palace, the Richter, the 'Promenade'—symphony orchestras all of them; alike, yet so unlike; doing useful work each in its own way, but appealing to utterly different classes of educated listeners. None save the first of these now survives, and that so changed that one scarcely recognises in it the Philharmonic of St. James's Hall, much less the aristocratic Society of the Hanover Square Rooms. The remainder, however, have their successors, direct or indirect; and this fact should help the adolescent amateur to understand that there is perhaps some purpose in the otherwise bewildering variety of the standards followed by our present orchestras—the London Symphony, the Queen's Hall, the Beecham, the Albert Hall—and, let me add, by the masterful conductors

who are nowadays the autocrats of their policies as well as of their playing.

The most recent concerts given by these bodies afford an apt illustration of the individual lines upon which they are operating. The palm for eclecticism goes for the moment to the London Symphony Orchestra, thanks to a new conductor, Mr. Adrian Boult, who knows apparently how to select interesting works, and also how to interpret them. (His beat, though, is restless and jerky in the extreme; there are times when he seems positively to shake his men into obedience.) A remarkably fine performance of Vaughan Williams's long but magnificent work, 'A London Symphony,' already stands to Mr. Boult's credit, and happily it is to be repeated on the 18th inst.

For obvious reasons Sir Henry Wood is obliged to provide a more popular menu for the habitués of Queen's Hall; he must give them what they want rather than what he would personally like best; but the average quality is capital for all that. Last Saturday's audience—quite crowded in the cheaper parts—thoroughly enjoyed a non-British programme of undoubted excellence, the plums whereof were Brahms's symphony in F, No. 3; the Schumann pianoforte concerto (Miss Irene Scharrer, a brilliant soloist); Dvorák's 'Carneval' overture; and again a Bach air, sung by Mr. Gervase Elwes in his own inimitable manner. In the "Preislied" Mr. Elwes was rather overweighted.

The Philharmonic schemes this season can at least claim the merit of variety, even though the mélange be not always of the most easily digestible kind. The absence of vocal music complained of at the 800th concert was atoned for last Monday, when a duet from Granville Bantock's noble setting of 'Omar Khayyám' and the terzettino from Mozart's 'Così fan Tutte' figured in the programme. Unfortunately both were spoilt by the faulty intonation of the contralto, but Mr. Frank Mullings and Mr. Norman Allin sang well, while the choir and orchestra lent full charm alike to Mr. Bantock's clever Desert music, to the difficult 'Sirenes' movement in Debussy's Three Nocturnes, and to the extraordinary symphonic poem based by Joseph Holbrooke on 'Queen Mab.' Altogether an unusually interesting concert, this, and admirably conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.

H. K.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN'S JOURNEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a paragraph published in the SATURDAY REVIEW of Feb. 23, stating that my wife and I had been treated with gross incivility on our journey home through Sweden. I am at a loss to explain how such a report was ever started, as it is entirely unfounded, and I should be very grateful if you would contradict it. So far from our being treated with incivility, we received every possible attention and kindness from the authorities, both at Haparanda and Stockholm, and every facility was given us to enable our journey from Haparanda to Stockholm and from Stockholm to Christiania as comfortable as possible.

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE W. BUCHANAN.

Buckland's Hotel, Brook Street,

Feb. 27, 1918.

[We are very glad to learn from the Ambassador that we were misinformed, and we tender our apology to the Swedish authorities.—Ed. S.R.]

D.O.R.A. ON FOOD HOARDING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am the great Goddess D.O.R.A., and, like my mythical predecessor Athenæ, I sprang ready armed from somebody's head; that is, armed with the

utmost rigour of the Law, though in other respects my attributes are somewhat nebulous. On the other hand, my powers of inflicting punishment are great, and their adaptability is known to the author of my being alone: the effects being shown in the decisions of certain Police Magistrates who are favoured by Jupiter Rhondda, and consequently are "in the know." Many inquiring minds have attempted to seek knowledge of my functions, and many speeches have been made in reply; but these being in the main contradictory, I remain illusive.

This much, however, I will reveal for myself. I am the enemy of personal thrift, or what is known as "laying up for a rainy day," my object being that the careless and improvident should fare as well (if not better) than those who by care and forethought have laid in a stock of such articles of food as will not rot, for such a period as they may be expected to be consumed by their households. It is called "Hoarding." It has never been defined, but I am dead against it; and welcome any source of information, however tainted, which may lead to its detection. I hale men and women before the Court, and say: "You are guilty of an act which at the time it was committed was commendable; now prove your innocence of a newly-invented and not yet defined crime, or it will be the worse for you." And it is the worse for them to the tune of heavy fines, whereat I rejoice greatly. Some pedants have ventured to suggest that acts which were innocent, and even praiseworthy before my birth, and which were committed in good faith previous to that event, cannot have become wicked or unlawful since (per se) through any such subsequent accident, alleging that it is beyond the powers of imagination to undo what has already happened. But we shall see, for great are the powers of Jupiter Rhondda; and if I cannot convict those who fail to worship me of one crime, I may perchance frighten them into the commission of another one, at which I shall gloat. I have now revealed enough to give mankind some insight into my character. Food, though a primary necessity of humanity (whether savage or civilised) is not the only one, and my activities will doubtless be extended in other directions before long, for I am still very young.

Yours skittishly,

D.O.R.A.

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Under the above heading you write as follows: "The function of strategical command, so far as Britain is concerned, will be *divided* (my italics) between the Allied Council at Versailles and the War Cabinet in Downing Street."

Exactly so.

The difference between Sir W. Robertson and Mr. Lloyd George was that the soldier stood for *undivided* control, and the politician for *divided* control, and the latter has won the day.

On the other hand, the French Government have adhered to the soldier's principle of undivided control, for their C.I.G.S. is their member of the Versailles Council. Comment is needless.

Yours truly,

J. H. E. REID, Colonel.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Is it a fact, which admits of no dispute, that Sir William Robertson objects on principle to the Versailles plan of an Inter-Allied Reserve under the executive authority of the Inter-Allied Council at Versailles?

This all-important fact, if fact it be, was not very clearly brought out either by Lord Derby in the Lords or by the Prime Minister in the Commons.

Nor is it easy to understand why, differing from the Government on a vital question of principle, Sir Wm. Robertson was offered the position of supreme military

adviser to the Government under the Versailles scheme.

We are expressly told that all the military chiefs at Versailles, including Sir Douglas Haig, were in favour of the plan finally agreed upon. Are we to understand that the first the English Cabinet and Sir Douglas Haig heard of Sir William Robertson's objection to the entire principle of this Inter-Allied Reserve was after the Versailles Conference was over, and the English representatives had returned to London or to the front? Was it a mere unfortunate chance that Sir William Robertson did not take part in the Conference: and that in consequence the British representatives were without their supreme military adviser?

Again, it is difficult to see why, if Sir William Robertson considered the scheme agreed upon at Versailles unworkable in principle, he did not resign. But he does not consider that he has resigned.

The position is not yet clear: and if it was right to debate the matter in Parliament at all, it must be desirable to clear the matter up. If Sir William Robertson will say clearly that he considers an Inter-Allied Reserve under the executive authority of Versailles an unworkable and dangerous scheme, we shall know exactly where we are. Most people will be inclined to say that, great soldier as he is, and much as we regret losing his experience as supreme military adviser to the Government, the weight of expert opinion is against him: and he has done right to make room for others to carry out an agreed policy of which he unfortunately does not approve.

Yours faithfully,

26 February, 1918. LAURENCE W. HODSON.

A PLEA FOR BOLSHEVISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—According to reports about the Labour Conference at Nottingham, the Bolsheviks, Lenin, Trotsky and Litvinoff were, with boundless enthusiasm, held up to the world for admiration and imitation. References to suffering France and Belgium and other victims of the Huns were coldly received; those things do not matter for the Maximalists and their partisans. It is more important for them that Austrian officers and spies be allowed to visit the Roumanian lines and disorganise the armies there, or, that a Chicherin be released from English toils than those unhappy countries be saved from Hunnish barbarity, nay they must be bullied into accepting it, as we have seen lately in Roumania. Every nation is entitled to self-determination as long as it determines in favour of Germany; those rights are conceded to Belgium, Courland, Livonia and all the other invaded small countries. Such is the new international law!

For the sake of peace and to conciliate all elements in our midst, let us by all means apply the popular methods and ideals of the Russian Commissioners of the People to this backward country, and then we shall be on the way to progress!

The Maximalists, or Bolsheviks as they are called in that now happy land, Russia, dissolved "*manu militari*" the Constituent Assembly, although this body has been elected by universal suffrage. This suppression took place "because the results of the elections were not favourable to the working classes." Which working classes, apparently, did not all vote for Lenin and Trotsky's friends; this, by the way. According to the excellent and time-honoured German doctrine of "might is right," the Bolsheviks in Russia, somehow or other, dispose of the military and other powers, although they are in a minority. This is a fact, respectable as such. They command the situation and are in authority out there, because they enact their laws and issue their orders from behind the guns. Who can blame the "comrades" from making full use of this complacency of the majority? Nobody could who has renounced the principles of justice, humanity and civilisation, the latter ideas being out of date. We have now the new public morality, or rather we are going back to that very old one of government by divine right, by individuals, sections

and oligarchies. Germany is ruled along those lines by the Kaiser, the Junkers and the Militarists; also Russia by a small band of usurpers helped by the mailed fist, who call themselves Bolsheviks, Soviets or other unpronounceable names, unfamiliar appellations for very ancient things indeed.

These individuals or committees or feudal barons, when they are strong enough to overawe an ignorant or apathetic nation, break up or gag Constituent Assemblies, Reichstags, and other popular institutions, or imprison or murder individuals who do not agree with them, like General Dukhonin, the Cadet Shingareff, and others, just as in blessed days of Nero, the *lettres de cachet*, or, more recently, Nicholas the Second.

Why does not our Government follow the fashion set by those amiable and pure-minded Bolsheviks, whose representatives were accorded such a cordial reception in the good city of Nottingham? Besides the insignificant and bourgeois advantage of representing the majority of the population in Great Britain, it disposes of the Army, and that "blue guard" called the police. I hope it realises what wonderful things it could do with those instruments of proletariat moderation and mercy which are turned now and then against people who go about their business on the street, just to prove to them the advantages of Bolshevism. The French call them *moulin à café*. These are some of the benefits to be enjoyed under a Bolshevik régime, as everybody knows.

There are associations and persons in this country who are opposed to or do not vigorously enough support the aims and policy of this Government, the most important of which, at the present time, is to beat German autocracy and militarism. Why, in imitation of the Bolshevik administration, do not our rulers suppress or lock up, if not shoot, all those who are hampering their war measures? The Pacifists, for example, who want to fraternise with the Boches. Why not also coerce by the same means the societies, unions, or federations of slackers, who are needed under an extension of the application of the Military Service Act? Never mind about the pledges given them; obligations that are no longer suitable are null and void, according to German Bolshevik practice. We have seen it in 1914 when the treaty guaranteeing Belgium's neutrality was violated by the Huns, or when the London agreement concerning a separate peace was ignored by the Bolsheviks; now we hear that Russia's foreign debt is declared cancelled by those who, we read it in yesterday's papers, dream of extinguishing for ever the bourgeoisie so as to introduce universal brotherhood. NON-CAPITALIST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your article "How Dare You be Rich?" you talk about levelling down. Do people of Captain Penny's calibre realise that we cannot have equality of men until we get equality of noses?

Would it be considered an economy or a patriotic thing to do, for a Tribune of the People, or, as a matter of fact, anyone else, to purchase at the present time a fine Indian or Persian carpet for £2,500?—I am, yours etc., H. J. S.

A TRIBUTE FROM AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the misery of our defeat—of Australia's shame—the Fates have thrown a compensation in my way. Turning over a bundle of newspapers and sorting for the Red Cross hospitals, I came upon two copies of THE SATURDAY REVIEW (13 and 20 October), a paper I have not seen for years—too valuable, I told myself, to be crushed up among crumpled dailies. In plain English, I stole it, and carried it off, hoping to find something among its contents to lift the depression of this dreary Christmas. I did not expect much in the way of comfort, but—behold what a consolation I found! All those abstract terms, long out of fashion,

such as loyalty, candour, honesty, manliness, were here solid facts. And in such good, strong English too. The little bit about Dutch "neutrality"—so true. The article entitled "Patronage of Anarchy."

I adore the SATURDAY REVIEW for that article. We have the thing here—in heaven's name why? Why cringe to and flatter this cursed crowd who have brought treachery into every country that protects them?

The mother of an Australian soldier in Palestine has just given me her son's last letter. It frightens one; he more than hints at this same devilish influence at work among his comrades, that same slimy power that has worked so much ruin in Russia and Italy.

This is why I am writing. I want you to assert our loyalty—Australia's loyalty. Tell England that our country has been so bedevilled by Vatican whispers, Jesuitical leadership, puny politicians, that the one great man among us—Mr. Hughes—has been defeated. Not all no-voters are disloyal, many are only stupid, and stupidity has been turned into a power against our motherland. I am not a writer. I have no language to tell you what is in our hearts, but I beseech you to hold up our country as true. Perhaps these enclosed cuttings from our daily Press may help. Our Press is loyal. Then why and how do these pernicious growths gain root?

Australia is true, only smothered by a long preparation of German-Vatican vileness.

Yours truly,
R. L. S.

Elizabeth Bay, Sydney, N.S.W.
27 December, 1917.

"HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR SOAP?"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Simple is the word that truly describes the nature of the indigo-planters and their ryots. I have therefore taken a question from Marryat's novel, 'Peter Simple,' as the title for this letter, since soft-soap made from fish oil is badly needed to free the Bhojpuri-speaking simpletons from the scourge of malaria. Bhojpuri is a dialect of the Hindustani language which is spoken by the ryots of the indigo-growing districts of Saram, Shahabad, Ghazipur, Ballia, and Azamgarah; and in the accompanying rough sketch map figures are given to show that the decrease in the population of these five districts was 487,469 in ten years from 1901 to 1911. This was owing to plague and malaria. Being a Bhojpuri-speaking simpleton, I have for years advocated the use of soft-soap in setting ramie, flax, san, and hemp in indigo vats; the oily-water of which could afterwards be used in killing the larvæ of the malarial mosquito. This would be one way of reviving the indigo industry of Bihar and the United Provinces.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
DONALD NORMAN REID.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, W.,
17th February, 1918.

ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am sorry to have again to contradict Mr. Harold Hodge with regard to facts that he ought to be acquainted with in regard to the modern Churchmen's movement. He says: "They in no sense represent the mind of the Church of England, and owe their absurdly exaggerated importance to the number of offices they hold and their way of keeping themselves constantly before the public by writing and talking."

The fact is, as every clergyman knows, that the dominant party in the Church of England has done its very best to boycott and prevent the promotion of men who hold and teach broad views of theology. And if they had the power they would stop them writing and talking about those views, which are so inconvenient to Mr. Hodge and other ecclesiastical laymen, who do not represent the true lay mind of the Church or the lay intelligence of the country. It is as difficult for a modern Churchman to get a living in the gift of the

Bishop of London as it is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. We may be insignificant in numbers, but what we stand for is not insignificant—Truth, Freedom and Progress in the Church of England. We recognise the revelation which has come from new sources of knowledge in the modern world, which have enlarged the human mind capable of accepting new interpretations of old truths. To all this Mr. Hodge says: "No change! Stop thinking, writing, and talking." That is his idea of liberty and self-government in the Church.—I am, yours,

PHILIP H. BAGENAL.

THE MALTHUSIAN LEAGUE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—You say in your Notes that "the Eugenics Society and the Malthusian League have been thrown into something like a quandary by the war. Hitherto their policy has been 'birth control'; but the loss of life in the war has forced them in the opposite direction towards 'birth assistance.'" As, before 1914, the League argued from the existing poverty that the proportion of adults to children was still too small, it naturally has not altered its view since 1914. On the contrary, the terrible loss of breadwinners in the war will greatly increase the burden for those who are left to maintain the nation's children and other dependents, and has thus greatly increased the importance of "birth control" among the poor. We therefore continue to deprecate "birth assistance," and also to point out that this would further reduce the already too-low birth rate of the tax-paying classes.—I am, Sir, etc.,

B. DUNLOP, M.B.,

Hon. Sec., Malthusian League.
Queen Anne's Chambers, S.W. 1.

ENGLISH PLAYS IN PARIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

MONSIEUR,—J'ai lu avec un vif intérêt la lettre que vous avez publiée dans votre numéro du 9 Feb., 1918, et dans laquelle un de vos lecteurs, Mr. Payen-Payne, constate et regrette, avec Monsieur Brisson, l'éminent critique théâtral du "Temps," "the puerility of the English plays he has seen, and their lack of relationship to life."

A quoi attribuer cette puérilité d'un grand nombre de pièces anglaises? Votre distingué correspondant se le demande, et propose une explication.

Il est certain que le caractère enfantin du théâtre contemporain anglais saute aux yeux du premier spectateur français venu.

Sans doute, "the capitalist, who takes a theatre not to present plays so much as to make money," en est, pour une part, responsable. Mais, tout de même, résoudre le problème de la sorte, n'est ce pas répondre à la question par la question?

Si, "to appeal to the most numerous . . . section of the audience," afin de gagner de l'argent, le directeur d'aujourd'hui offre à ses spectateurs des pièces, puériles, c'est donc qu'il a constaté que ces pièces, remplies d'enfantillages, leur plaisent. Pourquoi leur plaisent-elles?

Je ne prétends pas résoudre la question; mais, ne serait ce pas, tout simplement, parce que le peuple anglais est en effet plus jeune d'esprit que le peuple français?

C'est une remarque qu'il est facile de faire, depuis que les soldats anglais sont venus en France; un grand nombre des journalistes français qui communiquent à leurs lecteurs leurs impressions sur les "Tommies," disent qu'il y a en eux, dans leur regard droit, d'un bleu profond, aux yeux grands ouverts, dans leur délicate réserve, qui confine à la timidité, quelque chose de jeune, de frais, de candide, qui attire, qui charme, et qui crée la sympathie.

Ne serait ce pas là le motif pour lequel le public anglais se plaît à des pièces comme "Kismet," y voit même de la philosophie, tandis que les Parisiens n'y ont vu qu'un assez banal conte des "Mille et une nuits," ad usum des "gosses" et de leurs "nounous"?

Quoiqu'il en soit, doit on souhaiter que le public anglais perde sa candeur, et qu'on voie un jour sur quelque affiche d'un théâtre de Londres cet avertissement: "Cette pièce n'est pas pour les jeunes filles," comme je le vis, pas plus tard qu'hier, à Paris, sur un lambeau d'une vieille affiche d'avant la guerre?

Je suis sûr qu'avec moi et beaucoup d'autres Français, sincères amis des Anglais, vous ne formulerez pas ce souhait.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur et Cher Allié, mes salutations cordialement distinguées.

Paris, 24 février.

G. JAMIN.

WOMEN AT THE BAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As this nonsense is revived again, you may think the following to the point:

Ulpian says that women for a time were at the Roman bar, but had to be excluded. "Origo vero a Carfania improbissima femina quae inverecunde postulans et magistratum inquietans causam dedit edicto."—Digest de postulando B. Tit. 18. 5. The humour of "magistratum inquietans" ought to be enough to nip this growth in the bud.—Yours, etc.,

H. C.

Feb. 11, 1918.

DYES AND SUBSTITUTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I hope dyers will follow Mr. Playne's suggestion to put up a fight for natural indigo. But why stop at indigo? These shoddy aniline dyes have killed a number of other fine vegetable dyes; at least, I have been quite unable to get any stuffs dyed with them for many years. The invention of aniline dyes was an unmitigated misfortune—a thing chemists ought to be ashamed of, not proud. They fade in a month: natural dyes last a lifetime, and there is no comparison in the beauty of the colours.—Yours faithfully,

W. H. D. ROUSE.

Savile Club, 107, Piccadilly, W., February 12.

GLADSTONE EPIGRAMS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—“C. L. D.” may like to add to his collection another Gladstone epigram which evoked some comment at the time. It was penned by Major Howarth Ashton and appeared in the Hatfield Parish Magazine in July, 1886.

“He read the lessons twice on Sunday last,
With voice as clear and strong as in the past.”
O! grand old man, ere yet thou hear'st the knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell,
Cease the grim farce (thy saintly antics shock
Religious minds) nor God Almighty mock.
The latest effort of thy waning years
To set a noble empire by the ears;
Truth, justice, honour, trampled in the dust,
Office the object of thy senile lust!
No longer at the lectern masquerade,
Lest e'en the stones thy hardihood upbraid.
Thy place is rather in the porch to stand,
Wrapped in a sheet, a taper in each hand,
With legend on thy breast of all men seen—
“False to his friends, his country and his Queen”!

Caustic but distinctly clever.—Your faithfully,

WILLOUGHBY MAYCOCK.

St. James Club, Piccadilly, January 19th, 1918.

SCIENCE IN GRAY'S ELEGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—This subject being nearly exhausted, I venture to suggest the still small voice of common-sense. The poet meant that his mother employed a midwife, she being too poor to pay the fee of a medical man.—Yours faithfully,

G. G. BONSER.

Nottingham and County Constitutional Club.

REVIEWS.

THE NEXT WAR.

Deductions from the World's War. By Lieut.-General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven. Constable. 2s. 6d. net.

HOW shall we change the mind of Germany? asked Mr. Balfour in his dreamy philosophic fashion. The answer is given in this translation of Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven's book, and amounts to this, that you cannot change the mind of Germany, until you change human nature. For this book, from the first to the last page, is a calm examination of the question how Germany can best utilise the experience of the present in the preparation for the next war. The Baron, who began life in a Prussian Guard regiment, is the Deputy Chief of the German General Staff. He is an experienced writer, as one can see from his assured, persuasive, and, on the whole, quiet style. He does not indulge in the ordinary vulgar rant against his enemies, but endeavours to do them justice, particularly the French armies, of whose fighting qualities he speaks highly. Only once does the Baron depart from his pose of scientific accuracy, and condescend to repeat what he must know to be an impudent lie. “In stirring up and working on the feelings of the masses, England showed no more scruples than France. Though the Englishman is less excitable by temperament, he is all the more obstinate in clinging to a notion which has taken root in his mind. This stirring up of hatred has in his case, too, engendered distressing excesses as regards the treatment of German prisoners. In certain cases, even if not as a general rule, the English have shown themselves not behind the French in brutality.” If a German professor had written this passage we should have ascribed it to that well-known mental foible of imagining others to act as you would act or have acted yourself. But from the Deputy Chief of the German General Staff, who must know what all the world knows about the German treatment of British prisoners, and about British treatment of German prisoners, it can only be described as a lie, of which the insolent wickedness is not excused but aggravated by its obvious intention for home consumption. Hardly less unpleasant is the hypocrisy of the following passage: “After the Thirty Years' War an effort was made to alleviate, by careful training of the men, the horrors of war due to the outrages of the military rabble. . . . We must not let the bright side of universal service blind us to its dark side. Henceforth the passion of war infected whole nations, and this passion was constantly inflamed anew by contact with that of the enemy. Therewith many of those barriers were overthrown by means of which the professional soldiery, preserving the chivalrous customs of the Middle Ages, had sought to check the excesses of war.” Here the Baron throws upon the modern citizen-soldiers the responsibility of the horrible atrocities practised by the Germans, giving us to believe that the professional soldiery would have been glad enough to preserve the chivalry of the Middle Ages. But if there is one fact better attested than another it is that all the barbarous cruelties towards prisoners and civilians were committed at the instigation, or rather under the express commands, of the German officers, the professional soldiers, the *grafs* and barons of the author's own class. It is the aristocratic German officer whom this war has branded with indelible and immortal infamy, as a monster of cowardly brutality towards those whom the chances of war have placed at his mercy. And yet, perhaps, there is a deeper depth of disgrace than that achieved by the German officer, that, namely, won by the German women in their conduct to the prisoners. It is worse, because we are accustomed to associate women with tenderness and pity. Henceforth the German woman must stand “shelterless in the broad noon of public scorn,” unsexed like Lady Macbeth, a specimen of depravity at which the world will shudder for years to come.

On page 123 the writer says “Lord Kitchener's creation of a strong English Army during the world

THE GREAT DECISION—No. 1.

"... the whole weight of the evil that is in our society is dragging us down, and the whole force of the good that is in it is helping us up."

NOW, OR NEVER.

The time is at hand when the people of this country will come to a decision of so tremendous an importance that it cannot be exaggerated.

By this decision they will seal the destiny of England.

To-day England is fighting for her life. Tomorrow her life will either be worth dying for still, or not worth twenty years' purchase.

We who have this decision in our hands, who have the future of England in our keeping, who are the trustees of our children's inheritance, let us see what it is that we are called upon to decide.

England must remain either the sole centre and the signal beacon of the great British Commonwealth, able to pay her honourable debts, to keep her pledged word, and to enlarge boundlessly the volume of her world commerce, or, with credit shaken, a prey to internal faction, and her trade diminishing, she must become not merely one of the smaller peoples, but, *so great are her commitments*, a bankrupt State.

What is it that alone can keep her in the van of the nations?

It is the mental and moral qualities of her people.

In the days to come, if the people in this country are not of a keener intelligence and a nobler moral discipline than their thrusting competitors, England will be beaten in the field of trade. *She must be beaten.*

There is no luck in this matter. Nothing is to be gained by a good conceit of ourselves or a round abuse of our rivals. One thing only is inevitably sure, and this is that in the rivalry of industry the best man will win. It is nature's law.

Now, the best man is the most intelligent man.

Let us be honest and ask ourselves, while there is time, whether the democracy of this country is the best educated and the most morally disciplined democracy among the nations of the world?

Can we say with a full confidence that England is entitled to the first place in the world because her democracy is the best

educated and the most morally responsible among the nations of the earth?

If we cannot say this, England is in peril.

She is in peril not only from without, but from within.

For the future of the world belongs to the democracy which is the most rich in education and mental efficiency, which is the most strong in moral power, and which is most vitally conscious of life as a blessing.

The machinery of the modern State is its democracy.

If this human machinery in England is the best in the world, she will not only pay her debts with ease, but she will lead the nations in wise and beneficent reforms, her wealth overflowing into the lives of all her people.

Give her the best democracy in the world, and she will lead the world.

But let her democracy be second, or third, or fourth, and her wealth will depart, with her wealth her credit, and with her credit her domestic peace.

We are deciding at this moment whether England shall be rich or ruined.

For we are deciding whether the children of England are to become trained and efficient citizens or to reach manhood ignorant, discontented, embittered, and demoralised—insufficient for the immense test of the future.

We are deciding whether the children of this nation are to be as well trained for the rivalries of the future as the children of other nations, or worse trained.

We are deciding whether childhood is to be regarded in England as a source of cheap labour for the inefficient manufacturer or as the noblest field of hope from which can rise the future leaders and workers in industry.

Shall we educate our children mentally and morally, keeping them at school till their brains are working and their characters formed, or shall we turn them into the rough world of the factory before they have learned to think and before their characters are strengthened to withstand dangerous influences?

It is for us to decide. And our decision seals the fate of England. *We are deciding the future quality of our English manhood.*

The children of a State are either that State's best insurance policy or its most fatal bill drawn on futurity.

For your own sake, your children's sake, your country's sake, do all YOU can to push through the Education Bill. Get in touch with your M.P.

war was undoubtedly an immense achievement." It was, indeed, and one which the German General Staff omitted from their calculation when they went to war. We do not care to follow the baron through his inevitable quotations from Clausewitz and into his disquisitions on drill and machine-guns and aircraft. The point is in the conclusion. "The spirit of German militarism, which has enabled us to stand the test of the world war, and which we must preserve in the future, because with it our world-position stands or falls. . . . Only under the absolute command of a war lord can an army achieve a really vigorous development. It cannot be emphasised too often what an immense debt the Prussian army—and therewith all Germany—owes to the Prussian kings." These passages are the answer to President Wilson and Mr. Balfour. One hit, a palpable hit, in the controversial sense, does Baron von Freytag Loringhoven make. He says that the German armament secured peace for the empire for forty years, a long period of peace, undoubtedly, and at least arguably due to the German armies. Not fine phrases about international bliss and brotherhood, but the might of our sword preserved us from war, argues the baron, not without some justification in history. "We misconstrue reality, if we imagine that it is possible to rid the world of war by means of mutual agreements. Such agreements will in the future, as in the past, be concluded from time to time between States. The further development of International Courts of Arbitration, and the elimination of many causes by their agency, lies within the realm of possibility; but any such agreements will, after all, only be treaties, which will not on every occasion be capable of holding in check the forces seething within the States. Therefore the idea of a universal league for the preservation of peace remains a Utopia, and would be felt as an intolerable tutelage by any great and high-spirited nation. . . . We find it impossible to believe in the realisation of genuine pacifist ideals, such as are cherished by well-meaning sentimentalists. Only a spiritual transformation of the human race could bring this about, and how far we are from any such transformation has been revealed by the war." It will be observed that there are two contingencies which are excluded, as unthinkable, from the writer's speculations on the next war. The Deputy-Chief of the German Staff naturally refuses to consider the possibility of the defeat of the German armies, and the political and moral consequences which might flow from that result. Suppose that by one means or another, military, naval, or economic, or all combined, the Entente democracies should triumph over the military autocracies: What then? Would not the military fabric collapse like a house of cards, and would not the spiritual transformation of the German race speedily follow? But these are questions which a German baron, and Deputy-Chief of the Staff, cannot be expected to ask, still less to answer.

THE CULT OF CELTISM.

Appreciations and Depreciations: Irish Literary Studies. By Ernest A. Boyd. Dublin: The Talbot Press. London: Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.

FOR the alien ignoramus books by and about these epic Irish Revivalists are somewhat bewildering. Each initiator is such a prophet in his own parish that we seem almost dazed to death by sudden revelation. Some of the statements, too, about them, whether of poignant praise or regretful blame, seem so disproportioned that we receive a blurred, "Cubist" kind of impression. Mr. Standish O'Grady, the "Fenian Unionist," is not widely known to-day. Yet in 1881 this super-idealist, with a love—nay, a lust—for the land, perpetrated a wonderful joke worthy of Bernard Shaw, whose lack of sympathy with Irish Revival is ingeniously analysed at the close. This versatile writer and editor, aristocratic by instinct, "undertook to rally the land-

lords in the Rotunda." The Rotunda never heard a funnier thing, for, so far as we can gather, his method of rallying the robbed was to keep them on the soil, unpaid, and unsoiled by anything so sordid as possession. Thus they were to restore the golden dawn of the Heroic Age. Being mere materialists, however, from this standpoint, they did not perceive the truly Milesian humour. Nor, we fancy, would Mr. O'Grady have seen the humour of an offer from publishers that he should bind himself, just for the pristine glory of the thing, to write books gratis for ever. O'Grady (Mr. Boyd knows no "Misters"), being anti-plutocrat also, then fell in with the Tory-Democracy of State-controlled "National Guild" still associated with the *New Age*; he looked up, and was left looking up, to Lord Randolph Churchill. Unsatisfied, however, he next championed "Constitutional Sinn Fein"—which is as much as to say Constitutional Guy Fawkes—and apparently advocated what is now being achieved—the non-payment of taxes. Finally—though the mob had been his abhorrence—he sided with the "masses," asked for a "Collectivist Colony" (also gratis) and—sad fact!—"was not disposed to listen to the friendly counsels of Æ" (George Russell), who offered some scheme of Government! In fine, he was an aristocratic Anarchist. Throughout, we seem to be treading on thin air, but we are assured—and events show it—that "the influence of Standish O'Grady has been enormous." Then we reach "Æ" himself, "Ardent seer," "Mystic and Economist"—which somehow recalls Dickens's "Architect, Artist, and Man." At first he and a select group studied the Vedas—and were therefore, perhaps, the pioneers of Theosophist Home Rule in India. His "impatience of all the meanness and squalor of modern social conditions" led him into some excellent prose and some not uniformly excellent poetry. But he combated State-Socialism, he upheld Co-operation, and, though he was among the first to inspire the robust prime of the Literary Revival, he evidently never built upon it practically. We heartily agree with him when he writes that "A national purpose is the most unconquerable and victorious thing on earth." Only, a race is not a nation.

"John Eglington" the essayist follows, and his Rousseauish Return to Nature in a sort of isolated vagabondage with a chosen "Remnant." But neither it—nor they presumably—would ever work. Then we get Lord Dunsany, who has added the horrors of a whole modern mythology to Lemprière; he is gravely treated as "Fantaisiste;" and we are treated to the "lonely" Dowden, not Irish enough to be *bizarre* or sufficiently English to be unc cosmopolitan—at least so thinks Mr. Boyd. But the *bonne bouche* is Bernard Shaw taken very seriously—a world-force always to be "explained" abroad, but depreciable at home as a "Protestant"—quite a Shavian clue. But really there is something in this pitiless piece of paradox. Shaw is no symbolic sybarite, nor, unfortunately, has he much use for the Heroic Age. And he retains a sense of humour. But he protests quite as much against everything else except Shaw.

It must by no means be supposed that these essays are uninteresting. If they lack solidity, they are often expressive and suggestive. We cannot, however, like "sense" used as a verb nor can we indorse the typical statement that "Literature is the ultimate test of Drama." Were not Shakespeare a born playwright (which Shaw is not) as well as a supreme genius, he would never have survived on the stage. We wish, too, that Mr. Boyd would always remember what he so well quotes from "John Eglington" on 'Art for Art's Sake': "Hence the effort of literature to become divorced from life" which is likened to "the declaration of a beauty past her prime that she will have nothing more to do with men." That is sense—used as a noun. Yet the book leaves one with a feeling of upside-down and of a nice derangement of values: "Hippocrides don't care."

CREATURES OF INSTINCT.

The Wonders of Instinct: Chapters in the Psychology of Insects. By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos and Bernard Miall. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

THE "Souvenirs Entomologiques" is a quarry from which the happy industry of Mr. De Mattos and Mr. Miall has already drawn much interesting material, and so long as their slabs are selected to emphasise a particular point of view, they build up a welcome book. This volume brings together facts bearing on a single problem. The main question is the long-debated one: do insects (which we may take as representing the lower animals generally) in their marvellous actions display reason, or is all to be ascribed to instinct? If the latter, then how can it be maintained that man's reason has been evolved from the workings of the nervous system in the lower animals?

Fabre takes the most striking habits of insects and observes them with minute care; or he quotes alleged proofs of reasoning power and subjects the same actions to ingenious experiment. In all cases he shows that the apparent intelligence is nothing but instinct, wondrously adapted to the normal life of the animal, but blind and unreasoning when abnormal conditions are introduced. As a simple instance, take the case of the Processionary Moth. Its little caterpillars, which nest on the pine-tops, sally forth at night to browse on the pine needles. In single file they march, and each as he goes spins a silky thread. Arrived at their food they disperse to eat it, and when satiated each easily recovers his own or one of the neighbouring threads; thus one by one they line up on the common ribbon and return to their nest as safely as Theseus guided by Ariadne's clue. On these wanderers, thus bound to home by a silken tie, Fabre played a sad trick. He succeeded in getting them to go round the edge of a large palm-pot, and then brushed away all clues leading to the nest. Round and round the pot

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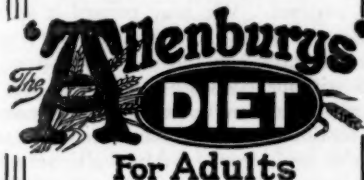


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The Little Lady of the Shot-Gun. By Leslie Howard Gordon. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s. net.

Rough justice in an isolated district, rifles and revolvers ever ready for use, stiffs and toughs in abundance, fine scenery and a wandering prospector—these materials, with a heroine of the sort indicated in the title, make a lively and romantic mixture. We wonder how far this sort of life survives to-day, apart from the cinematograph, which must keep a good many performers busy. Mr. Gordon works up his double interest of a band of malefactors and of love-making with a "honey kid," to an exciting climax, and is worst at his beginning, where ecstatic remarks on the scenery lack for several sentences the help of a verb. Also "sure" used as an adverb becomes vastly tedious. Otherwise we were prepared for a hero who is perpetually being "laid for" somewhere in the dark; is equal to "rig-

ging up a mighty nifty lean-to that'll do dandy to doss in," when the heroine occupies the main quarters; and, of course, when desperate doings are on hand, is quite ready to take a "snowball-in-hell" chance. Two-Pan Hudson had some pretty close calls, and when at the end he turned up all right and saved his girl, she "shore figgered" he "wuz daid." Knowing the invulnerability of heroes, we had no such suspicions at any time. We should not have waited for him to say "Hell!" to realise that he was not a ghost or an angel visitant.

WARDS AND GUARDIANS.

'Mr. Manley.' By G. I. Whitham, John Lane, 6s.

WE thought that guardians and their wards, in fiction and in drama, had died the death with hansom cabs, Dundreary whiskers, and all the other relics of Victorian respectability. The author of 'Mr. Manley' has shown us our mistake. He confronts us with no less than two guardians, each with a separate ward; he weaves round them a story of mystery and murder, and, in spite of a well-worn theme, succeeds in presenting us with a very readable book. Of course, one of the guardians marries one of the wards, but it is not his own ward, which makes a refreshing change. If the plot is a little laboured, and if the villain is rather unconvincing, the heroine is charming, and 'Mr. Manley' a human hero. Moreover, the writer has got that more than saving grace—a sense of humour.

A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY.

The Lion and the Adder. By Leigh Thompson. Mills and Boon. 5s. net.

HERE we have melodrama, but melodrama that is stirring and readable. The Veldt is the setting and the theme the German conspiracy in South Africa at the beginning of the present war. For actors there are the stock characters that we should expect—the strong English hero, the Boer maiden heroine, the faithful Hottentot servant, and the rebel villain (with the inevitable strain of black blood in his veins to account for his still blacker heart). With the rest of the cast, however, Mr. Thompson has allowed himself freer play. Some of the minor figures in his story are sympathetically drawn, and in that of Gert Thuis, the farmer, he has paid a fine tribute to the loyalty of the Boers. Moreover, he knows his subject, and his description of Boer life is graphic and interesting.

A CHINESE LANTERN.

The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills. By Edith Wherry. John Lane. 6s.

THIS story of China combines the charm of fairy-tale with that of reality. Miss Wherry knows the country and makes us want to know it too.

The profound intellect and scholarship of the Chinese, their passionate ancestor-worship, at once mystic and literal—their superstition and their spirituality—their simplicity and their wisdom—all this is made living in the story of Winter Almond and of the English child whom she finds on the hills and brings up as her own. In spite of the fact that most of the English people in her book are missionaries, the writer has escaped the missionary touch, though she is at her happiest with her native characters. Of these, and their setting, her picture has something of the decorative quality and delicacy which belong to a Chinese print.

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THE PROSPECTOR'S ROMANCE.

The Little Lady of the Shot-Gun. By Leslie Howard Gordon. Hodder and Stoughton. 5s. net.

Rough justice in an isolated district, rifles and revolvers ever ready for use, stiffs and toughs in abundance, fine scenery and a wandering prospector—these materials, with a heroine of the sort indicated in the title, make a lively and romantic mixture. We wonder how far this sort of life survives to-day, apart from the cinematograph, which must keep a good many performers busy. Mr. Gordon works up his double interest of a band of malefactors and of love-making with a "honey kid," to an exciting climax, and is worst at his beginning, where ecstatic remarks on the scenery lack for several sentences the help of a verb. Also "sure" used as an adverb becomes vastly tedious. Otherwise we were prepared for a hero who is perpetually being "laid for" somewhere in the dark; is equal to "rig-

ging up a mighty nifty lean-to that'll do dandy to doss in," when the heroine occupies the main quarters; and, of course, when desperate doings are on hand, is quite ready to take a "snowball-in-hell" chance. Two-Pan Hudson had some pretty close calls, and when at the end he turned up all right and saved his girl, she "shore figgered" he "wuz daid." Knowing the invulnerability of heroes, we had no such suspicions at any time. We should not have waited for him to say "Hell!" to realise that he was not a ghost or an angel visitant.

WARDS AND GUARDIANS.

'Mr. Manley.' By G. I. Whitham, John Lane, 6s.

WE thought that guardians and their wards, in fiction and in drama, had died the death with hansom cabs, Dundreary whiskers, and all the other relics of Victorian respectability. The author of 'Mr. Manley' has shown us our mistake. He confronts us with no less than two guardians, each with a separate ward; he weaves round them a story of mystery and murder, and, in spite of a well-worn theme, succeeds in presenting us with a very readable book. Of course, one of the guardians marries one of the wards, but it is not his own ward, which makes a refreshing change. If the plot is a little laboured, and if the villain is rather unconvincing, the heroine is charming, and 'Mr. Manley' a human hero. Moreover, the writer has got that more than saving grace—a sense of humour.

A SOUTH AFRICAN STORY.

The Lion and the Adder. By Leigh Thompson. Mills and Boon. 5s. net.

HERE we have melodrama, but melodrama that is stirring and readable. The Veldt is the setting and the theme the German conspiracy in South Africa at the beginning of the present war. For actors there are the stock characters that we should expect—the strong English hero, the Boer maiden heroine, the faithful Hottentot servant, and the rebel villain (with the inevitable strain of black blood in his veins to account for his still blacker heart). With the rest of the cast, however, Mr. Thompson has allowed himself freer play. Some of the minor figures in his story are sympathetically drawn, and in that of Gert Thuys, the farmer, he has paid a fine tribute to the loyalty of the Boers. Moreover, he knows his subject, and his description of Boer life is graphic and interesting.

A CHINESE LANTERN.

The Wanderer on a Thousand Hills. By Edith Wherry. John Lane. 6s.

THIS story of China combines the charm of fairy-tale with that of reality. Miss Wherry knows the country and makes us want to know it too.

The profound intellect and scholarship of the Chinese, their passionate ancestor-worship, at once mystic and literal—their superstition and their spirituality—their simplicity and their wisdom—all this is made living in the story of Winter Almond and of the English child whom she finds on the hills and brings up as her own. In spite of the fact that most of the English people in her book are missionaries, the writer has escaped the missionary touch, though she is at her happiest with her native characters. Of these, and their setting, her picture has something of the decorative quality and delicacy which belong to a Chinese print.

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ONCE A MONTH.

In *Blackwood* we are glad to see again that excellent writer "Contact." In 'Flight Errants' he explains the whole training of the airman, which is being daily revised and improved. Scientific and practical information go together, formulæ being translated into patter easy to remember. Under this system pupils actually manage loops and nose dives during a first solo flight. 'The Whistle' is a ghost story of merit, and 'Pluck, and Some Coolies' a striking narrative of a woman's endurance. What women can do in war is shown by 'The Dobruja Retreat,' as seen by a "Member of the Scottish Women's Hospital." It gives a vivid picture of the unhappy Roumanians and the resource and endurance of the Scottish nurses. 'More Massage,' by B. G. Mure, is a striking view of nursing at home. The writer reveals a good sense of humour and much ingenuity in fitting up electrical apparatus.

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. Frederic Harrison continues his 'Obiter Scripta' on labour, politics, and the war. "Auditor Tantum" in 'A View from the Lords' Gallery' deals with the reputation and manners of the leading figures in the Upper House. Mr. E. H. Wilcox gives some curious details of 'Lenin and Bolshevism.' We are told that the Tsar's political police, for their own purposes, gave systematic support to his work as an agitator. Dr. Lyttelton, 'In Food and Common Sense,' pleads strongly for abstinence from meat, and declares that, even in small quantities, it "stirs not only the nerves but the thoughts in the wrong direction." We shall expect an answer to this preachment. Canon Vaughan has a pleasant study of 'Lord Lister,' whose theories, by the by, are being somewhat modified by experience in the war, and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has a lively paper on 'The Workmanship of the Merchant of Venice.' We do not know what grounds he has for the conclusion that Shakespeare "most likely had never seen a Jew in his life."

LATEST BOOKS.

History of India from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By the late Captain L. G. Trotter. Revised Edition, brought up to 1911 by W. H. Hutton, B.D. With 4 Maps and 22 Illustrations. S.P.C.K., 10s. 6d. net.

A short history of India is a difficult thing to achieve—one would think, indeed, almost impossible in view of the

complications of the theme. Captain Trotter, who is best known for his life of John Nicholson, was born at Calcutta, served during the Mutiny, and wrote a great deal about India after he left the Army on half-pay in 1862. He was not a writer of distinction, but he had good judgment and ample knowledge, and the present 'History' was well worth republication with revisions by Archdeacon Hutton. It gives a tolerable summary of the chief events which led to the English domination of India and the rule of various Viceroy. The opening pages put before us fairly enough the grandeur and decadence of various religions and dynasties. Of the many lines of princes it is not possible, perhaps, in a brief space to give a clear account. Mahmud of Ghazni stands out, but no one else till we come to Babur and Akbar. Captain Trotter treated Warren Hastings, it is perhaps needless to remark, much more fairly than Macaulay. In modern times we get a little too much of Lord Curzon, though we recognise his open-mindedness and ability. He thought it too late to turn Delhi again into the imperial capital, but the attempt is being made. If Lord Curzon was indefatigable, what is to be said of the glorious four who alone escaped from Cawnpore and the clutches of Nana Sahib during the Mutiny? Their exploits, in brief, might have been added to the footnote concerning them, or even given in the main print of the page, since there is plenty of room for them. Men of such glorious spirit and tireless resolve have made India as much as statesmen who take the occasion to deliver high-toned speeches. A good addition to this work, if anyone wishes to learn the causes of our success in India, would be the 'Sepoy Generals' of Sir George Forrest. We notice with pleasure references to recent and expert authorities, but they might well be increased in another edition.

Folk Lore. Vol. XXVIII., No. 4. Sidgwick and Jackson. 5s. net.

We are glad to see that the Folk-Lore Society continues its work in war-time. It has been fortunate in securing a witty and learned President like Dr. Marett, who has just been succeeded by Dr. A. C. Haddon, a Cambridge anthropologist of the first mark. The latest number of the Society's journal opens with 'The Bird Cult of Easter Island,' by Mrs. Scoresby Routledge, who, with her husband, investigated the native rites on the spot for sixteen months. A few surviving natives could only remember the time when the cult was in full vigour, since after 1863 the island did not maintain its primitive state.

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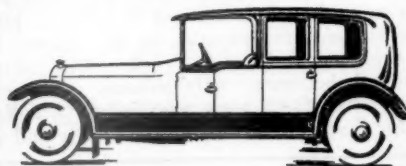


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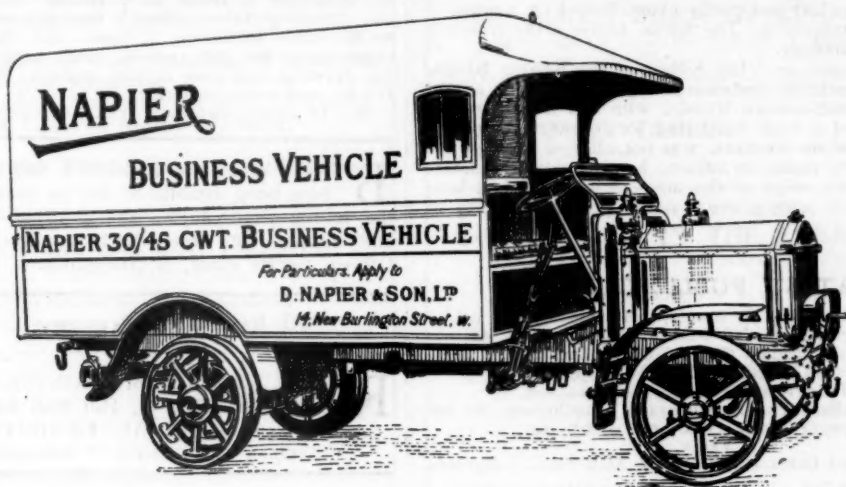


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The cult was the glorification of the man who yearly found the first egg of the frigate bird or the sooty tern, and who was hemmed in by taboos as a sacred and unapproachable person. It was connected with the gigantic images which are one of the puzzles of Easter Island, and the ideographic script shows the contamination of bird and man forms. Mr. Henry Balfour, in a masterly commentary on Mrs. Routledge's paper, shows that the Easter Island art has close affinities with details found in the Solomon Islands. So here was a Melanesian migration which ranged eastward over the Pacific and left typical elements of its culture, including the representation of the frigate bird and the practice of distending the ear-lobe. This Melanesian culture was partly absorbed and partly exterminated by a wave of Polynesian immigrants. The whole forms a pretty lesson in scientific ethnology.

Sir J. G. Frazer, in 'The Killing of the Khazar Kings,' records a remarkable instance of legalised regicide among a nation of south-eastern Russia, who had a well-ordered government and a high reputation for commercial probity. The king, by some accounts, was not allowed to reign for more than forty years; by others, he was asked to decide the length of his reign at the moment when he had been nearly strangled with a cord—not a position tending to optimism.

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BOVRIL.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of Bovril, Ltd., was held on Tuesday, Mr. George Lawson Johnston (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman, after dealing with the accounts, referred to the general food position. He said:—Gentlemen, your own experience will have brought you into touch with increases in prices in most directions, and you will have seen that the Board of Trade Returns show a long list of rises of 100 per cent. or more in the cost of foodstuffs since the commencement of the war. I cannot call to mind many articles the prices of which have not been raised during the war, and I believe Bovril is the only national standard food that is sold at the same price in February, 1918, as it was in July, 1914. That the price of Bovril has not been moved up with the cost of beef, although a pound of Bovril is the concentrated product of so many pounds of beef, is an outstanding fact that requires explanation.

In the first place, in the countries which supply the raw material for Bovril beef has not risen in value as it has here. Again, the abnormal cost of ocean transport only to a minor extent affects a concentrated preparation like ours, making as it does such small demand upon shipping space.

I think we can consider this company a miniature democratic institution. We are a co-operative body of over 11,000 shareholders, and we control provinces in the form of estates in Australia and the Argentine of 9½ million acres, upon which there are over 250,000 head of cattle. We manage to produce our beef product at a cost which has enabled us to provide our millions of consumers with Bovril at prices unaltered during the war. I mentioned the area of the joint Bovril Australian and Argentine Estates just now at 9½ million acres. Have you any idea what that area means? It is larger than Belgium, and over two-and-a-half times the size of Alsace and Lorraine; or, if you would like a comparison nearer home, it is twice the size of Wales, or nearly the size of Wales and Ulster put together. You will have noticed in the papers many estimates of the cost of rearing and fattening cattle in this country, usually proving that with beef at 60s. a cwt. live weight the business was unprofitable. Even in more normal times the English farmer requires at least £30 or £40 for a fat beast.

Now it may surprise you when I say the cost of rearing a 9 to 10-cwt. steer on the Bovril Australian Estates does not amount to 60s. altogether, and though the cost is considerably more in Eastern Australia and the Argentine, my point is that the rearer of stock in the northern part of this hemisphere, particularly in the thickly populated parts of Europe, has no chance in competition with the stock raised in the open plains of the south—Australasia, South America, Africa.

In conclusion, he moved the adoption of the report and accounts and the payment of the dividends as recommended.

SELFRIDGE & CO.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Selfridge and Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday, Mr. Gordon Selfridge presiding.

The Chairman said: Carrying on a business is not unlike sailing a boat. The yachtsman sails in fair weather or in storm, and if he be a true sportsman he finds himself as happy in negotiating a difficult "nor'-wester" as when making wonderful speed in the ideal breeze.

Now, the past year has not been an easy one in which to do business—but what of it! Difficulties have been many, and are growing greater with each month—expenses are necessarily high—merchandise is hard to obtain, and if often not to be had at all. We must not build or repair, for the Control Board says so, and quite rightly. But who cares? We, in company with all other merchants and men of business, are sailing our boats of commerce in a storm of war, and there is a certain great exhilaration in keeping the sails spread and the rudder well in hand, no matter how fierce the wind or high the waves.

Last year we carried forward £127,192 18s. 9d. This year our profits amount to £258,764 4s. 11d. The total of these two is £385,957 3s. 8d. We must charge against this certain sums. These sums total £230,432 10s. which, when taken from the above amount of £385,957 3s. 8d., leaves for carrying forward £155,524 13s. 8d.—a very fair balance.

The Ordinary Shares are our own, and are not, therefore, crying for a complete division of profits—except for the Excess Profits Duty they would have earned about 40 per cent., but we prefer paying only 7 per cent., and retaining the balance in the business. Of course such a policy holds the business continually in a very strong financial position.

There are a lot of things which we could refer to in this report, but almost hesitate to do so.

For example, our War Bond Sale when at a cost to this house of about £11,000 we sold nearly £3,500,000 worth of War Bonds in a few days. Of course no commissions, or allowances, or rebates of any kind were received from the Government.

Then to the families of our 1,020 young men, who so promptly sprang to their country's aid, we are paying out nearly £10,000 a year, and we gain more pleasure in this payment than any other. But there is a sad side of the picture, for of this number 76 have given their lives.

Yes, in this, the fourth year of the War, it is difficult to do business, but it is surely a time when great houses may prove their strength to the State. We wish this business to be not only a successful commercial undertaking but also a great public institution, which shall be recognised as a conspicuous part of the life of the metropolis, and, even more than this, we wish it to be a splendid asset to the nation, strong in every feature which gives an asset quality.

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THE CITY.

PERHAPS a better designation than "Business Men's Week" might have been found for the period in which a special effort is to be made by the members of the Aldwych Club in co-operation with the National War Savings Committee in the National War Bonds campaign. But the name matters little; it is the aim that counts; and the aim is to raise £100,000,000 next week. To raise £100,000,000 in one week in the fourth year of the war will be a considerable accomplishment, especially as the time available for organization is short, and the Tanks, which have been so successfully perambulating the country in the last few weeks, have already taken good toll on the accumulated savings. £100,000,000 is three times the highest weekly record so far attained by War Bond sales, and is about five times the average weekly return; but the task is by no means beyond the capacity of the public; and, after all, it amounts to little more than a fortnight's war expenditure.

The best gauge to the public capacity to subscribe to National War Bonds is the deposits in the joint stock banks. These now amount to well over £1,365,000,000, of which about £1,130,000,000 is shown in the accounts of eight banks. The deposits are, in fact, as high as they stood before the big loan was launched in January last year, and in the light of these figures the raising of £100,000,000 does not appear to be a very difficult matter. Obviously it becomes the duty of every business man to examine the banking account over which he has control, and to determine to what extent it exceeds his immediate probable needs. Any excess above his estimated requirements for business or household purposes should be transferred into War Bonds. There should be no need to emphasise the patriotic obligation nor the monetary advantage; but it may be mentioned incidentally that the fiscal year ends next month, the sum of £100,000,000 will make a comfortable addition to the national accounts, though it is small in proportion to the grand total of expenditure, and further, by placing unrequired deposits in War Bonds the investor is benefiting himself to the extent of about 2½ per cent. per annum in interest.

This special effort by Business Men may be viewed in analogy with an annual stock-taking sale. It must not be allowed to disturb the ordinary current of demand for War Bonds; it must not interfere with the growing habit of week-by-week investment; it must be regarded as an incident in the ordinary routine, just in the same way as the annual sale of a department store is a means of exciting increased public interest in the business, of attracting new customers and enrolling them among those who make regular purchases. No greater mistake could be made than to interfere seriously with the week-by-week sales of War Bonds. The "continuous borrowing policy" has completely justified itself. In twenty weeks over £400,000,000 of War Bonds have been sold to more than a million applicants, and concurrently War Savings Certificates have been sold at the rate of one to two-and-a-half millions weekly, the aggregate issue now exceeding 155,000,000. These Certificates are of 15s. 6d. each, redeemable in five years at £1 each, and free of income tax. The sales of War Bonds, to some extent, and the steady subscription for War Savings Certificates, in a greater measure, represent something new in the general habits of the public; they represent an increasing habit of thrift amongst a notoriously thriftless people. This alone is an important national develop-

ment; and it is important also in the political value (using the phrase in its highest sense without allusion to Party politics) of the general public being shareholders in the State. At the present time, owing largely to the success of the War Savings Associations, there are 8,000,000 persons directly interested in the National Debt.

Business Men's Week therefore should appeal especially to members of the public who have not yet acquired the week-by-week habit. They must regard next week as a period during which the loan lists have been opened more particularly for their benefit. The lists, so to speak, open on Monday and close on Saturday; in fact, they do that every week until further notice. But next week at least £100,000,000 is required as evidence to the Allies and the enemy of the financial staying-power of the country. We hope to see that figure largely exceeded.

It is most surprising that at the present time, when we are confronted on all hands with a great scarcity of food, the cold storage accommodation at the ports of this country is only a little over 22,000,000 cubic feet, and even this accommodation is distributed only amongst six ports. All this accommodation only conserves frozen meat and imported refrigerated produce. Of course, there are other cold stores throughout the country, but with the exception of those at Birmingham and Burton, which are used for hops, the plants are mostly ice factories, and provide only for local requirements. No accommodation of any consequence is available for housing an important stock of food which can be regarded as a reserve to fall back upon in case of emergency.

Hence the promoters of a million cubic feet cold storage installation scheme at Trafford Park must be congratulated on their enterprise and patriotism. Adequate cold storage for reserve supplies of food is the key of the situation to-day, and it is not surprising that a large measure of success has been secured for Trafford Park Cold Storage, Limited. Citizens and business men who welcome a good investment have had an opportunity of participating in this first Government-aided cold storage scheme, as a public issue of Debenture Stock and Ordinary Shares has been made. The prospectus covered, firstly, an offer of 500 Five per Cent. Income-Tax-free Guaranteed Debentures of £100 each at 99½ per cent. The "tax-free" being to the extent of 5s. in the pound, and the "guarantee" is made for principal and interest, as well as any bonus payable on the redemption of the Debentures, by Trafford Park Estates, Limited. Such security is indubitable; secondly, an offer of 50,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each at par. The Ministry of Food state in an agreement between them and the promoters "that the provision of this cold storage enables the Port of Manchester to be used to better advantage for the importation of frozen produce," and that they "will so utilise it to the best advantage." Further, this new enterprise will have the advantage of all the unique facilities possessed by Trafford Park Estates, Limited, for the handling of goods, and the installation will be on the most approved scientific lines.

TRAFFORD PARK COLD STORAGE LTD.

The list of applications will be closed on Monday next, the Debentures being already considerably over-applied for.

No further applications for Debentures can be considered, excepting from applicants already interested in Trafford Park Estates, Ltd.